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THE BARKEEP



STORIES

BY

FRANK HUTCHESON



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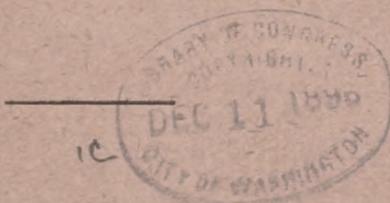
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THE BARKEEP STORIES

THE BARKEEP MEETS HIS OLD PAL, "THE PUP."



HE

STOOD in front of a State street saloon. He had on a gray summer suit, a somewhat shabby spring overcoat and a pair of dilapidated tan shoes. He was smoking a cigarette and his hands were stuffed into his overcoat pockets. He was a race-horse tout by profession and those who knew him called him "the pup." What his right name was no one ever seemed to care to inquire.

How he came by his name nobody appeared to know. It may have been because of his natural "cussedness" and propensity for getting into trouble.

The pup was known to entertain some very visionary ideas concerning his own ability and the great future that was bound to come to him. No one could tell him but that he would some day be a Riley Grannan or a Mike Dwyer.

The past summer, however, had evidently not been productive of anything to justify these hopes.

It was plain that he had not landed back to town overloaded with the "long and dirty." Consequently he was

not particularly desirous of running across many of his acquaintances while wearing his present "front."

A man with close-cropped hair, clean-shaven face and a checked suit showing under his box overcoat turned the corner half a block away.

The pup saw him coming, but it was too late. The man with the checked clothes had "made" him and a look of surprise on his face had gradually changed to a sarcastic grin as he approached.

The pup pretended not to see him. He drew his hands out of his pockets, became suddenly interested in something across the street, and, in the language of the street, gave a very pretty exhibition of the art of "stalling."



"YOUSE GUYS MAKE ME TIRED." dope an' countin' money t' t'ink o' trifles, I s'pose?"

"Well, on de square, I was goin' — — —"

"You was goin' t' send it w'en you beat a ten to one shot wid a fifty-dollar note, I s'pose—but you took a chance an' bet de hull works on a t'ree-to-five shot, an—

"Hello, dere, pup!"

"Why, hello, there, old man! How is every t'ing?"

"Well, you're a peach!"

"Wot's de row?"

"Why didn't you send me dat getaway money I staked you to last spring? Been

too busy figurin'

de lamp went out. Youse guys make me sick! Blow back t' town after bein' round de race-tracks all summer wid a paper suit an' a screwy overcoat an' a pair o' yellow shoes an' stand round an' look wise an' tell 'bout how you come near ownin' dat black filly dat just win de stake down east, an' how if dis one could have win you'd be makin' book now, an' a few more smoke-up stories. An' den you——”

But the pup had turned and fled. The smooth-shaven man watched him disappear within the saloon and then walked away. His face wore a grin, and if you were close enough you might have heard him say:

“An' dem's de guys dat calls us barkeepers cheap!”

THE BARKEEP DISCUSSES THINGS WITH THE SEEDY POLITICIAN.



BARKEEP stood with one elbow leaning on the bar and about half an inch of a cigar in the corner of his mouth. He was thinking deeply, and evidently his thoughts were anything but pleasant.

The only other man in the place was a seedy-looking individual who sat near the wall with a well-worn silk hat over his eyes and his feet cocked up on a table. He was a politician, and he was evidently in no very good luck. Midnight had long passed and everything both outside and in was painfully quiet.

The roisterers in the streets had become few and far between and the occasional rattle of the State street owl cars was about the only sound to disturb their meditations.

After an unusually long stretch of silence the barkeep suddenly heaved a deep sigh, threw his cigar butt at a rat that was peeping out from behind the ice-box, yawned, stretched himself and glanced over at the seedy politician. That worthy had dozed off, but a well-directed piece of ice thrown by the barkeep brought him back to this world without ceremony.

"Come on," said the barkeep, "let's have a drink!"

T'ings is lookin' awful rummy fer us, but we can't choke t' death, even if dere ain't nobody droppin' in wid de price."

The politician arose, slouched over to the bar and blinked sleepily. Then he poured out a drink that caused the barkeep to grab the bottle and remark:

"What's de matter wit' you? Did ye t'ink I asked you t' take a bat?"



THE SEEDY POLITICIAN.

The politician, after critically surveying himself and his silk hat in the mirror for a minute, turned around and was about to take his seat by the table when the barkeep remarked:

"Say, was I tellin' you about what came off in here yesterday mornin'?"

The other was evidently used to this sort of treatment, for he paid no attention whatever to the remark.

He gulped down his three fingers of "booze" without winking, and after a hearty smack of his lips remarked: "De graft's tough, ain't it?"

"Well, I should say so!" responded the barkeep; "between de Civic Federation an' de p'litical reformers dey got us all on de cattle-train!"

The politician was all attention at once, for he had visions of another drink.

"Well," went on the barkeep, "dey was a guy comes in here 'bout t'ree o'clock an' maces me fer a drink. He has long hair an' a screwy silk top-piece an' looks like he might be one o' dem bum actors dat you see over on Clark street. It's pretty cold outside an' de guy is shiverin' an' looks like he needs a booze pretty bad, so I stakes him t' one out o' de put-back bottle. He cops de drink and t'anks me fer it an' den starts off like he was goin' t' spiel his troubles to me, but I flags him an' tells him I'm overloaded wid dem meself. Well, he backs close to de door and den takes off his lid an' says, in regular teater fashion: 'Me fren', says he, 'me fren', all I wanted t' remark was dat you'd have yer reward fer dat drink in hell!' What do you t'ink of dat? Well, I breaks a pane o' glass in de door and like to ruined dem curtains wid de seltzer bottle tryin' t' git him, but he beats me to it, and when I gets outside he was near t'ree blocks off. De next hobo dat maces me fer a booze is liable to have t' duck away from a cannon."

THE BARKEEP AND MUGGINS VISIT THE DUTCHMAN'S.



Y' HEAR 'bout me an' Muggins over to de Dutchman's de odder night?" said the barkeep the other morning to the seedy politician and the hobo.

"Say, it was de funniest t'ing ever y' see an' between me an' you I'm as lucky a guy as dey is in de world t' be able t' be here an' tell yez about it. An' I'll tip annuder t'ing off t' youse guys—I'll not take no steers from dat Muggins no more!"

Muggins was a bosom pal of the barkeep's. He weighs about 200 pounds and his friends say that he "kin lick most anybody."

After the drink the barkeep cleared his throat and proceeded:

"Well, it was dat night I takes de lay-off on 'count of me old pal on de west side croakin' himself. I meets Muggins early in de evenin' an' invites him out wid me. Fer a wonder he was dere wid some change himself, an' of course I has to take a steer from him once in a while. Well, it's 'bout 2 o'clock in de mornin', an' we're bot' dere wid a purty good load, when Muggins wants t' steer me to de big beer joint over de street. I balks fer awhile but Muggins ain't blowed all his coin yet an' so I goes wid him. Well, in we goes an' Muggins says to de guy

back o' de bar: 'Gimme a little rye.' De Dutchman puts de bottle up an' Muggins pours out 'nough t' wash his mitts in. De Dutchman rubbers at him like he was figgerin' how much he was losin' to de drink, but he never bats his eye. Just den up comes a Dutch flunkey wid a tray in his mitt an' an order fer san'wiches.

"Did y' ever hear a Dutchman order a san'wich? No? Well, dey skin anyt'ing y' ever read about! Dis guy wants a cheese san'wich an' rye bread, an' dis was his spiel: 'Cheese on de rye!' Muggins is just about t' cop de bat' he'd poured out, an' he near drops de glass when he hears it. 'Y' Dutch stiff! Wot's it t' you wot size of a drink I take?' says he, an' den he swings fer de flunkey an' puts him out.

"In two minutes I tought dey was a t'ousand Dutch round dere. Dey has ev'yting in der mitts from a ice-pick to a cork screw. Muggins is mixin' up wid dem like he was to a p'litical picnic an' I am tryin' t' stop him an' keep from gettin' slugged at de same time. Finally I splits Muggins out fer a minute an' den I grabs de boss o' de joint roun' de



"CHEESE ON THE RYE!"

neck an' hollers in his ear dat it was all a mistake. He makes some Dutch spiel an' dey all quit tryin' t' git Muggins. Muggins t'ought dey was showin' de yeller streak an' starts after dem again, but I gives him de foot an' makes him lay quiet on de floor while I'm givin' de main guy de round-up. Well, I spends \$4 in de joint squarin' it, so's we won't get pinched, an' de t'oughts of it come near makin' me mix up wid Muggins when I gets him outside. Yes, y' kin go broke on one t'ing an' dat is dat no more of Muggins' steers goes wid me."

CORKY, THE WRESTLER, THINKS HE OUGHT TO MAKE A FOOTBALL PLAYER.



BARKEEP was pacing up and down behind the bar gritting his teeth and muttering. The seedy politician was behind the stove, and the hobo was over in a corner feigning sleep.

Both were evidently afraid of an outburst from the wrathy barkeep, and neither of them dared even to look at him. Things were getting to the point where the barkeep would have to give vent to his feelings in some way or other when little Jimmy, the cab driver, dropped in.

"Hello, pal! Kinder chilly, ain't it? Gimme a little booze."

"Got de price?"

"Wot's dat? Got de price? Why cert—"

"Well, den, slap it down!"

"Well, you're a good t'ing!" remarked the cab driver, as he produced the necessary change. "Did you ever see me askin' fer a drink widout I had de coin?"

"Aw, dat's all right," replied the barkeep. "I don't know nuttin' about youse guys. I been maced round here an' dubbed round here an' had de hooks t'run into me round here till I'm daffy!"

"Well, don't be blamin' me fer yer troubles. Wot's de matter wid you, anyway?"

"Well, dey is just wan t'ing de matter wid me," ex-

ploded the barkeep, "an' dat is dat I won't stand fer dem ex-wrasslers an' ex-fighters hangin' round dis joint no more, an' dat goes! You know dat guy round here dey call 'Corky' dat tells dem pipe-stories 'bout onct bein' de champeen wrassler down east? Well, he's in here dis evenin' when in comes five er six o' dem long-haired football players. Dey was all dere wid a little jag an' dey was hollerin' t'ings o' der own make-up dat nobody ever heard afore, like a bunch o' Comanche Indians. But dey was dere wid plenty o' silver an' der spendin' it as fast as anybody, so I has t' stand fer de hollerin'. Well, before long dey gets t' tellin' about de football game an' how dis guy tackles dis wan an' near breaks his ribs an' how annoder bloke loses a lamp in de mix-up an' wan 'OH! DEY DIDN'T DO NOTTIN' T' HIM.' t'ing annoder.

"Well, o' course, Corky has t' butt in an' tell de dudes wot a peach of a wrassler he onct was an' a few more smoke-up stories 'bout onct winnin' de all-round at'letic contest somew'eres er odder an' finally dey gets t' showin' him how dey plays football.

"Now," says one guy wid a nut dat looked like a head o' cabbage, "you're supposed t' be runnin' wid de ball



in yer mitt an' we're supposed t' tackle you,' w'ich means, as fur as I kin make out, t' mix up wid de guy wid de ball ketch-as-ketch-kin an' t'row him down on de ground so's he can't get no furder wid it. Well, Corky puts his top-piece under his fin an' starts into de bunch o' dudes head first. Say, y' never see nuttin like it in yer life! Dey didn't do a t'ing t' 'im! Dey just strong-arms him an' rousts him around till I t'ought dey was no chance fer him t' get away wid his life. Every wan o' dem long-haired guys has some kind of a holt on him an' you'd oughter see him w'en dey finally lets up.

"He ain't got t'ree square inches o' close on him dat ain't tore, bot' o' his lamps is closed up, he's shy 'bout t'ree out of his check-rack an' I b'lieve de ambulance guy said his leg an' a couple o' ribs was broke.

"Well, dat daffy kid dat comes in here runs out in de street an' hollers murder an' dey was 'bout t'irty coppers in de place in a minute. O' course dey calls de wagon an' t'rows all de dudes an' everybody else in it. Dey sends Corky out t' de hospital an' I don't care if he croaks. I ain't sore so much 'bout him breakin' up de game I was gettin' over de bar, but dat's de fourt' pinch dat's come off in de joint in two weeks and dem bulls is liable t' get t' t'inkin' we got a rough house here, see? Have annoder drink? Yes, dat's right, de next one o' dem ex-scrappers dat starts t' show people wot he kin do round here is liable t' get mixed up wid yours truly, an' dat don't come out o' no joke-book, see?"

THE BARKEEP TELLS A TALE OF THE SNAKES.



COPPER on the beat dropped in about 3 o'clock in the morning for his customary drink.

"Say, me frind, tell me, fer th' love av hivin, phwat was th' disturbance in th' place yistidy mornin'? Oi kern near sindin' in a riot call

"Didn't y' hear 'bout dat?" said the barkeep. Well, it was as funny a t'ing as ever you see in yer life. Y' know de hobo 'round here dey calls Box-Car

Joe? Well, he's been agin de booze purty strong fer de las' week and las' night he was near due t'have de Brooklyn boys. Well, he comes in early in de evenin' wid a case note he'd got his mitts on somewheres an' I t'rows a few high boys into him after coppin' de single.

"He's sittin' over behin' de stove growlin' away to hisself when in troo de side door comes a guy dat makes me rub me lamps t' see whedder I was asleep or not. Say, he was a peach! At first I t'ink he's one o' dem anarchists an' den I t'ink he's a mark dat's broke out o' some bughouse. He was de wildes' lookin' guy ever I see in me life an' I keeps me lamps on de bloke an' me mitts on de ice pick at de same time, until I sees dat he's only troubled a little wid de snakes himself.

"Well, de hobo gets a flash of him an' lets one yell out

o' him an' tears fer de front door. I knows dat he'll be pinched sure if he gets out, so I beats him to de door and locks it. He begs me not t'let de wild-lookin' guy eat him—t'inks he's a gorilla, see?

"I tells him dat'll be all right, an' when I comes in again dere's de odder bloke tryin' t' climb up de ice-box an' hollerin' t' me not to let de hobo kill him wid his battle-axe.



THE COPPER ON THE BEAT.

guy on de bar swears he sees somethin' climbin' up de wall. De hobo t'inks he makes it too an' dey has an argyment over what it is.

"De hobo t'inks it's a crockydile an' de wild-lookin' guy swears it's a blue monkey an' de first t'ing I knows der rollin' on de floor t' settle de argyment. Well, de circus finally winds up wid de hobo pullin' near all de

"Well, y' never see such a circus in yer life! I tells de hobo de gorilla's scared o' him an' tryin' t' get away an' gives him a pop-bottle an' tells him to go an' croak him wid it.

"Dey has a chase roun' here dat upsets all de furniture in de place an' I near fell on de floor laffin'. Finally de hobo falls over a chair an' de odder bloke climbs up on top o' de bar.

In a minute er two de

whiskers out o' de odder bloke, an' so I has t'split dem out. De wild-lookin' guy's hollerin' murder an' everyting else an' so I opens de side door an' lets him out. He tears up de street yellin' like a Zulu an' gets pinched before he gets to de corner. I trows a beer-glass full o' booze inter de hobo an' he quiets down an' goes t' sleep behin' de stove.

"I'll bet I answers tree tousan' questions 'bout what de row was as soon as I opens de doors. Business was better in de joint fer an hour den it's been in a mont'. Talk about yer continyous teeayters—dey ain't one-two-seven wid de snaps dat come off in dis joint!"

THE BARKEEP TELLS HOW A COPPER GAVE MUGGINS A FEW POINTERS ON BOXING.



FEW of the barkeep's friends had dropped in, and they were discussing between drinks the lamentable dullness in all sporting affairs that are not considered exactly legitimate.

"Yes, dat's right," said the barkeep, after setting them up in his turn. "I don't know who's doin' it but de town is certainly on de bum. Dey ain't no chance fer a guy t' get hold of a dollar no more widout he joins out wid a mob o' dips er gits a cannon an' sticks somebody up. Dere's more broken gamblers an' bum prize-fighters round starvin' t' deat' den ever I see in me life before.

"But, say, talkin' 'bout prize-fightin'—I wasn't tellin' you, was I, 'bout de go we has in here de odder night? Say, it was a cracker-jack! Don't tell me nuttin' about dem dat used ter be down to Tattersall's an' de lake front—why, dis one skinned any scrap ever come off before in de world!"

"Y'see, 'bout half-pas' 4 in de mornin' in drops a big copper dat's just got troo' fer de night. He's still got de harness on an' he's 'bout half boozed. Der ain't no one in de place but meself an' Muggins. Muggins is a scrapper out of a job an' says dat he was onc't de boxin' teacher fer a swell at'letic club. I don't know wheder t' stand

fer dat tale er not, but anyhow he's a purty handy guy wid his mitts.

"Well, de copper starts off tellin' us 'bout all de bulls havin' to work de dumb-bells an' de Indian clubs after dis if dey wanted to hold der jobs, and den he tells us dat he's been declared de boxin' teacher at his station fer de rest o' de bulls.

"Muggins is all de time kiddin' somebody y' know, an'

he starts off askin' de bull 'bout diff'rent t'ings in de scrappin' line like he was a chump hisself. De bull gets all swelled up an' you'd t'ink to hear him speil dat he was a reg'lar Chim Corbett.

"Well, finally Muggins cracks dat he'd like t' take a lesson or two from somebody dat knowed de game and de bull invites him up to de new gimmynas'um at de station.

"Den I butts in and says: 'Wot's de matter wid startin' in now an' showin' him a trick or two? You know I has an ol' pair o' gloves here dat's been in de drawer as long as I kin remember. I brings dem out an' Muggins an' de bull each takes one an' puts it on de right mitt.

"De two o' dem takes off der coats an' spars up de center o' de floor.



"MUGGINS COPS DE BULL ON DE JAW."

"Muggins stalls round a minute er two an' lets de bull get in a couple. Den he kinder jolts him in de wind wid de bare mitt. De bull gets sore fer a minute, but Muggins claims it's an accident.

"Muggins gets an openin' in a minute er two an' gives him a peach between de lamps wid de glove. De bull looks kinder surprised an' swings fer him wid his right. Muggins ducks an' comes back wid bot' mitts in de face an' near puts de bull on de floor. Den dey goes at it fer fair. Muggins didn't do a t'ing wid dat left mitt. He has de bull jabbed t' deat' in no time and de bull can't hit him at all.

"Well, Muggins finally cops him on de point o' de jaw an' lands him over in de corner an' den trows off de glove an' runs out o' de joint. I was reachin' for de beer mallet in case de bull should get up an' start at me, but I looks over an' sees dat he's out good an' plenty. I brings him to 'fore long an' he wants to know what's de matter. 'Don't y' remember havin' de go in here?' says I.

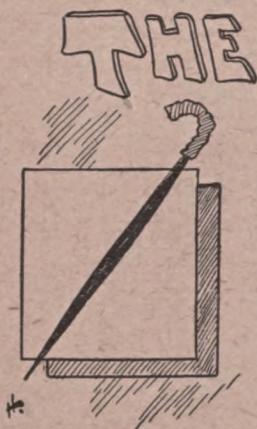
"'O' course,' says he. 'Well,' says I, 'y' near killed de bloke.'

"'Why, cert'n'ly,' says he; 'why wouldn't I?' and he commenced to swell up. 'I'm pretty handy wid me dukes, if I do say it meself—but wot did he hit me wid—a chair?'

"'Naw,' I says; 'y' fell be accident de las' time y' hit him an' struck yer face agin de stove.'

"I tells him dat Muggins' frens had took him home an' dat he'd be lucky to be out in a week an' I'll bet he spent a ten-dollar note 'fore mornin' tellin' me what a swell he was wid de gloves an' what suckers he was goin' ter make o' dem odder bulls up to de station."

HE WANTED TO "CLEAN OUT THE JOINT."



BARKEEP was evidently in a pretty good humor as he poured out a drink for himself and waved his arm in invitation to the seedy politician and the hobo and one or two more "dead ones" in the place to join him.

"Say," he said, after everybody was "in line," "I want t' tell youse guys about a hot one I see yesterday mornin' out t' Twenty-secon' street.

"Y' see, de night before was de rummyest I has in many a day an' I must a' slept two er t'ree hours in de chair while de nigger watched so's dat nobody'd run away wid de fixtures. So, y' see, in de mornin' when I gets off watch I don't feel like goin' t' kip right away, so I t'inks I'll go out an' pay me fren' out sout' dat tends bar fer de Dutchman a little visit.

"On me way out I gets a swell mush. 'Pipe,'" said the barkeep, as he brought forth from under the back bar and held aloft for inspection a swell silk umbrella. "I guess dat's a poor one, hey? 'Tain't fit t' carry, huh? And it was de softest ever y' see! Dey was a swell bloke wid a silk top-piece sittin' near de door sound asleep.

He looks as dough he's been out all night an' I gets a flash o' de mush between his knees an' sees how soft it is. So jus' before I'm goin' t' blow de car I goes t' de door t' stall de conductor, who was rubberin' at de swell guy hisself purty hard.

"I says t' him: 'Say, what's dat big buildin' over dere?' An' as soon as he rounds I grabs de mush. 'Dat's de orphan asylum,' says he. 'Oh,' says I, 'I tought mebbe it was de Chicago college where dem football players comes from. I'm a stranger in de city meself,' an' den I blows de car.

"Well, I goes into me fren's place an' we was standin' at de bar chewin' de rag when in comes a guy dat'd scare a sucker into a fit. On de square, if I met him meself in a dark street I'd t'ink I was agin a stick-up. He cert'nly was a tough-lookin' bloke an' he goes up t' de bar an' says: 'Draw me de highest one y' got in yer joint,' like dat. "DEY HANDS HIM DE SCRUBBIN'-BRUSH AN' DE PAIL."

Me fren draws a schooner an' he cops it an' den he rubbers around de joint an' says: 'Say, I t'ink I'll jest start in and clean out de joint. See?'

"De porter is scrubbin' de floor back o' de bar an' me fren' reaches down an' gets de pail an' scrubbin' brush.



De guy cracks again, 'Did y' hear w'at I said? I t'ink
I'll jest clean out yer joint fer fun!'

"'All right,' says me fren', as he hands de guy de
scrubbin' brush an' pail an' never cracks a smile, 'Y' kin
start right in!'"

THE BARKEEP TELLS OF A SLEIGH-RIDE.

"DTHIS



IS DTH' rale sort av winty weather," observed the copper on the beat to the barkeep the other night, when the mercury was trying to get out of hailing distance on the wrong side of the zero mark.

"Well, it goes for you," replied the barkeep, "but I t'ink I'd take a chanct wid it at dat if der was any sleigh-ridin'. Say, dere's de greatest game in de world, dat sleigh-ridin'! I

never was out before in me life till 'bout a mont' ago an' I'm blowed if I ain't stuck on de game. Was y' ever sleigh-ridin'?"

"Phwat chance wud Oi have fer a shleigh-ride widout dhey'd put shleigh runners on dthe cable cars or dthe pathrol wagons?"

"Dat's right. I fergot 'bout dat. A guy'd oughter have better sense den t' ask a turk like you dat never seen no sleighs in Ireland an' ain't been t'inkin' of nothin' else in dis country only how t' git plenty o' corn beef an' cabbage t'ree times a day. Oh, now, dat's all-right. Y' needn't get sore. I'm only kiddin'. I wanter tell yer 'bout dat sleigh ride I has. It was a swell, aldough troo bad management it wound up kinder rummy.

"Y' see, one night I'm out sout' wid t'ree of me fren's w'en one of de gang cracks dat it would be a swell night

fer a sleighride. 'Dat's wot it would,' says dat race-horse tout dey calls de pup, who was 'long wid us, 'let's get a team an' go. 'What'yer talkin' about,' says I, 'yer purty lucky t' be ridin' in de street cars.'

"Dat'll be all right," says de pup, an' he goes to de telyphone an' sends to a swell liv'ry stable fer a sleigh wid two seats an' de reg'lar driver, givin' de liv'ry guy de name of a bloke dat lives near dere an' has nothin' but de dough. Oh, I guess dat was a poor-lookin' outfit we has

goin' down de boulevard in 'bout t'irty minutes! I tell you dere's de greatest game in de world—dat sleigh-ridin'! W'y, we was all feelin' like we owned two or t'ree o' dem brown-stone fronts we was drivin' by.

"Well, we stops out sout' to a place

"HE WALLOPS DE PUP IN DE JAW." dat a fren' of de pup's owns, an' while we're in dere in comes a copper wid a bulldog on de end of a rope. De copper declares hisself dat his dog kin lick any dog of his weight in Chicago an' o' course de pup has t' start an argyment wid him. Finally de copper gets sore an' offers t' bet any part of fifty dat he's right.

"I'll bet yer fifty dat I got a dog kin lick yer dog an' put up a \$10 forfeit in dis gen'lman's hands," says de pup, pointin' t' me fren' Muggins, who we has give de knock-down to de copper as de son of one of de head guys 'mong dem downtown coppers. 'All right,' says de cop-



per, handin' Muggins his ten. Now dere ain't hardly as much as ten cents in de gang, much less a ten case note, but dat never feazed de pup at all. He goes out to de driver we has wid us an' says: 'How much money you got?' 'Bout twelve case,' says de driver. 'Gimme ten,' says de pup; 'I ain't got nothin' less den a century note an' don't want ter break it here, fer fear somebody might get a flash of me roll an' stick me up fer it.'

"Well, den, y' see, we're purty strong. Muggins has de copper's ten an' de driver's ten an' he spends near all of it over de bar while we're framin' up de dog fight. Well, finally we blow an' start back downtown, makin' a date wid de copper fer de nex' night.

"Dey tells de driver to stop to a certain place near Twelfth street an' I'm sittin' up in de front seat 'long side of him an' wonderin' how de sleigh ride is goin' to wind up an' de odder t'ree gets in de back seat.

"W'en we gets near Twelfth street I rubbers 'round an' if de rest of de gang ain't blowed de rig I hope to croak right now!

"Well, I'm a purty sore guy 'bout de way dey has t'rowed me down, but I stalls meself out of it de best I kin an' tells de driver dat de little guy—dat's de pup—is de one dat ordered de rig.

"Well, de pup, like a sucker, goes to de joint where he orders de team after he blows de sleigh an' he's standin' agin' de bar 'bout half an hour after w'en in comes de driver, who don't do nothin' but walk up an' wallop de pup in de jaw widout sayin' a word—an' he come very near puttin' him out.

"Den de driver goes out o' de place an' goes an' gets a package aboard, thinkin' o' how he blows his ten, an' den he goes back an' hands de pup annoder wallop in de jaw.

"Well, 'bout t'ree days after in comes de pup to see me. 'Hello, pal,' he says: 'say, y' know de odder night w'en we was out togedder? Well, you was in wid everyt'ing dat come off, wasn't you? I says 'w'y cert'nly,' an' de pup swings fer me jaw an' lands a peach, fer y' see, I wasn't lookin' fer nothin' like dat.

"I starts to go at him, but he runs away an' trows up his mitts an' says: 'Now, nix. I got two wallops from dat driver after you tells him I was de guy dat orders de team, an' I jest wanted to declare you in wid dem, dat's all!'"

CHRISTMAS NIGHT IN "THE JOINT."



CHRISTMAS had come and gone and it would not take more than a casual glance at the barkeep to tell that his had been a particularly joyous one.

"Say," he said to the pup, who looked a little the worse for wear himself, "w'en a guy gets 'round so's he kin t'ink o' dem, dere was a many a funny one come off in here Chris'mas night. T'inkin' o' dem's 'bout de only t'ing keeps me lamps open. Somewheres along in de ev'nin' w'en t'ings was purty lively a bloke dat looked like a dog in de face opens de door 'bout a foot an' rubbers in.

"I guess he t'ought de place was all right, fer he kind o' slides in an' sorter does a two-step polky up t' de bar wid a six-inch grin on his dial dat 'ud make y' t'ink o' Grover Clevelan' readin' in de papers 'bout wot de people t'ought o' de gran' beef he makes de odder day w'en he declares hisself t' England. Well, he gets up on de footrail an' reaches over de bar an' blows a breat' in me face dat 'd come near makin' a sober man quit de booze fer de balance of his life an' says: 'Say, gimme a drink o' booze. Y' understan' wot I mean? Booze. I got fifteen here, see, an' don't want t' get no varnish fer it, dat's all.'

"I takes a look at de guy an' reaches fer de 'hobo' bottle. 'Dis is kinder soft,' I says t' meself, 'tain't of'en I gets t' sell bum booze fer fifteen;' fer, y' see, on de square, w'en I looks at de guy I don't t'ink he's ever drank anyting but bar'lhouse booze in his life an' wouldn't know de right t'ing if he got it. Well, de hobo kinder looks s'picious at de bottle, but finally pours his-self out a drink. De firs' mout'ful he cops comes out of

him like he was a lawn - sprinklin' machine. He never says a word, but jus' puts de res' o' de drink down on de bar an' pushes it over t' me like he was shovin' a stack o' reds between de tray-jack, an' den he says: 'Put de res' o' dat back in de lamp,' and turns for de door.



"TAIN'T NO LIE 'BOUT YOU BEIN' WAN O' DE GANG."

"Say, de look on dat guy's face as he lef' de bar 'd turn de heart of a wooden Indian,

so I goes out an' gets him, drags him back, tells him I'd mistook de party, gives him a big bowl o' de best in de house, an' sends him away wid a little flask o' de same for a Chris'mas present. 'Twasn't in me t' turn down a guy dat knowed good booze like him.

"A little later in the ev'nin' in comes a couple o' husky-looking guys an' says t' a kid wat was helpin' me out

behin' de bar, 'Give us two beers, for two engineers,' like dat.

"'Wot do I care wot yez are,' says de kid, fer he t'ought dey was joshin' him, 'I s'pose y' t'ink you'll get a little more beer wid dat kin' of a spiel?' an' it took me near half an hour t' square dat argyment. But de funniest t'ing of all was a little guy wid his hair about a foot long an' parted in de middle an' one o' dem 'Trilby' curls in de front, tellin' de gang wot a sport he was. Y' see, he has t'ree er four beers in him an' gets insulted w'en everybody in de place didn't take off der sky-pieces w'en he come in. He walks up t' de bar an' trows out his mitt t' me an' says:

"'Hello, dere, ol' chap,' er somet'in' like dat, 'don't yer know me? I'm Willie Wilkins, an' y'll find me a hotter sport den any o' yez when y' know me,' er words t' dat effec'.

"'Why, hello, Willie!' says I, 'I come near fergettin' you! An' 'taint no lie, 'bout you bein' one o' de gang. Y' might as well buy a drink.' An I gives de boys de of-fice t' git up t'de bar. He never weakens w'en I give him back t'irty-five cents out of a two-case note fer de round, an' I gives him a couple o' hot-backs an' has him buyin' annoder in a minute er two. I t'inks I'll fine him good an' plenty dis time an' get rid o' him, fer he cert'nly give me de heartburn. W'en de drinks was up he says:

"'Aw, what does I owe yer, bar-boy?'

"'Dat'll be five-tirty,' I says.

"He starts to make a squawk, but I slaps him on de back and tells dat dem two gen'lmen, pointin' out me fren' de politician an' his side-kicker, de hobo, had just come in an' had a drink wid him, an' as dey never drank nothin' but de wine I couldn't offer dem nothin' else.

"O' course, de dood has t' stan' fer it, but I t'ought

he had de yaller janders w'en he was diggin' up de coin. O' course, I tries t' round him up an' tell him wot a swell he was, but as soon as he gets his change he done a hot-foot fer de door an' I don't t'ink he'll be 'round dis way again fer awhile. Well, here's a go. Goin' t' kip? Well, good night. Wish't I was goin' wid you—ain't been t' sleep fer t'ree days. I won't do a t'ing t' dat bed in de mornin'."

THE "TOUGH GUY" FROM CRIPPLE CREEK.



HWAT wuz dat case yez has at th' Armory yistiddy, Mike?" said the copper on the beat, after he had had his regular morning drink and lighted a "rope" the barkeep had offered him.

"Aw, dat was just a case of a sucker gettin' his doos," replied the barkeep, as he lighted one out of a different box; "just a case of one o' dem half-wise guys dat comes ter town wid a little money an' a whole lot o' gall an'

t'inks he kin run t'ings on State street t'suit hisself, gettin' de trimmin' dat was natu'lly comin' to 'im.

"Y' see, yesterday mornin' deys a few o' de boys besides meself in de place, drinkin' a little beer wid a grafter dat jest come to town, wid plenty o' de coin, after bein' out wid de circus all summer. Well, we was all feelin' purty good an' ready fer anyt'ing, when in comes a mark, wid a wide hat, tobacco juice all over his shirt, high-heel boots, an' a jag.

"He goes up to de bar an' says: 'Gimme a drink o' ryelicker, young felly.' I gives him de booze an' was just givin' one o' de gang de office t' git to him an' see wot he had, when he hollers out: 'I reckon dat's purty goodlicker, young felly, but it ain't good enough t' pay fer, see? I'm de toughest guy 'n de Cripple's Creek'—or

somewheres else, I don't just remember—'an', says he, 'an' I don't keer who knows it!—

"Now, look here, mister," says I, "don't make no trouble in here. I don't know what y' are in de Cripple's Creek, but if you don't slap down fifteen fer dat booze you'll have ter be a purty tough guy t' stand off de game

you'll get in here."

Well, de guy starts hollerin' like a Comanche Indian an' doin' a war dance roun' de joint, so I gets de ice-pick in me mitt an' gives de gang de office t' ready up fer him, an' starts from behind de bar. De guy springs a big forty-four an' cuts loose wid it at de 'lectric light. I s'pose he t'ought everybody 'ud tear out o' de joint, but y' ought ter see de game he got! Muggins—de scrapper, y' know—hits him from behin' wid



"HE CUTS LOOSE WID HIS CANNON."

a chair an' knocks him an' his cannon over amongst de rest o' de boys. When dey got troo wid him y' wouldn't a' knowed it was de same bloke. De first wallop he gets he shows de yeller streak an' hollers, but dat makes it all de worse fer him. While de gang is trowin' it into him de 'handy kid' was friskin' him an' finds 'bout forty

bucks an' slings de roll t' me. Den we cuts a hole in de top of his sky-piece an' trows him out in de street. I cops de cannon meself, but I has t' sling it back t' de judge dis mornin'. Well, as soon as de guy was next dat he's blowed his coin, he tears to de coppers wid his troubles an' I'm pinched.

"I tells de judge in de mornin' dat de guy comes in an' refuses ter settle fer a drink an' den starts shootin'. I has me witnesses an' everyt'ing an' dere was nuttin' to it. De judge asks de guy did he shoot an' he says, 'Yes, I reck'n I did,' an' den, o' course, it was all off.

"Anybody dat gets drunk enough t' be shootin' out de lights, de chances are, don't know whedder he had any coin er not," says de judge. "You better go back t' Cripple Creek an' confine yer shootin' t' coyotes an' horse-thieves after dis." And he was de cheapest-lookin' tough guy ever y' seen in yer life when he screwed out o' de dock. Dem gun-fighters from de wil' west may be de whole t'ing where dey come from, but dey don't do very well on State street," concluded the barkeep, as he handed the copper another drink.

THE SLEIGHT-OF-HAND MAN.

"YOU



GUYS seen de hobo de last day er two?" inquired the barkeep of the rest of the talent the other evening. "No? Well, I don't t'ink you will see him fer awhile anyhow, an' dat ain't no pipe dream.

"Dey was a guy in here de odder ev'nin' dat made de hobo t'ink dat it was cert'nly all off wid him, an' it ain't no two to one dat he ain't in de lake er de bug house right now. Y' see, de guy drops in here an' gets to tellin' us 'bout bein' one o' dem gazabos dat does dem sleight-o'-hand tricks at de teeayters—you know wot I mean—magicians! Dat's right. Dat's a kind of a tough name t' t'ink of off de reel. Dey was nobody in here but me an' de copper an' de pup an' de hobo, an' de guy finally gets to showin' us wot he kin do.

"He cert'nly was a swell. He'd trow a four-bit piece up in de air an' it never would come down. Den he'd lift up de bull's cap an' dere'd be de coin on de top of his head. Den he'd put a little paper ball in one o' de pup's ears an' drags a hull newspaper out o' de odder one. He done all de old tricks an' a hull lot o' new ones, an' he was as good as ever I see in me life. De hobo was sittin' over in de chair watchin' him wid his lamps open like he seen a ghost. De guy sees him an' asks me kin

he have some fun wid him. De guy tells me dat he is jest comin' from de teeayter an' has some o' de stuff he works wid wid him. He tells me dat he don't want t' spring his trick on de hobo if he's been boozin' at all, as it's liable to scare him a bit. 'Dat's all right,' says I, 'I'll take a chanct dat you won't scare dat bloke wid nottin,' widout you got a vag warrant,' and den I calls de hobo up to de bar.



HE PRACTICES ON THE HOBO.

starts to back away from de guy, lookin' at him like he t'ought he was de devil er sometin'.

" 'Dat's only de first part o' de trick,' says the guy, but de hobo starts to balk 'bout goin' any furder wid it. I tells him to let the gen'lman go ahead an' show us de trick, an' I trows a booze into him t' fix him up a bit. Y' see, de hobo's been again de booze good an' strong, an' he don't know wot t' t'ink o' de guy. Well, we finally ribs him up, but he goes to de post actin' very bad. De

" 'Me fren,' de guy says to de hobo, 'I'm goin' to show dese gen'lmen here one o' de greatest tricks o' modern times,' an' den he takes de hobo out in de middle o' de floor an' grabs him by de nose wid his mitt an' drops 'bout a dozen eggs out of de hobo's nose into his hat. As soon as he blows his holt o' de hobo's nose de hobo

sleight-o'-hand guy grabs de hobo by de nose an' says, 'Open yer mout,' like dat.

"I will now place one o' dem eggs in de gen'lman's mout," says de guy, and den he puts de egg in an' tells de hobo to shut up his mout' for a minute. De hobo is ready to balk on de hull job an' take to de woods any minute, but he sees dat I got me lamps on him an' he's scared I'll bar him out o' de place if he don't act purty nice wid me.

"Now," says de teeayter guy, 'de egg's hatched,' an' if he don't open de hobo's mout' an' jerk out a shanghai rooster I never want t' draw anifoder glass o' beer. O' course it ain't on de square, but de guy done it swell. Well, as soon as de hobo got a flash o' dat rooster he trun bot' mitts in de air, lets one yell out o' him dat 'ud make you t'ink a bunch o' Comanche Indians had broke loose in de place, an' den he lams out de back door an' tears up de middle o' de street. Snaky, see? T'ought he had de Brooklyn boys, sure. Chances are dey got him out in de Washingtonian home er somewhere right now, an' he's probably t'inkin' he's coughin' up a rooster a minute.

"It don't do fer a guy dat's boozed t' have much dealin's wid dem kind o' guys. He kin see nuff t'ings come off round here dat's on de square to start him on de road to Snakesville widout havin' anyting framed up fer him."

THE BARKEEP TALKS OF WAR.



I TELLIN' youse 'bout de guy dat was in here New Year's eve tryin' t' frame up a regyment o' soldiers from de gang roun' dese corners t' fight dem Englishmens w'en dey come over?" asked the barkeep of the politician and the copper on the beat. "No? Well, say, dere was de swellest talker ever I heard in me life, an' I've heard all de crackerjack side-show spelers in de business. Y' see, Toosday ev'nin' dere's a lot o' de gang in de place, layin' round an' waitin' t' butt in wid de first live one dat 'ud drop in, w'en in comes dis guy dat I'm tellin' youse about. He was a kinder hobo-lookin' bloke at dat, but y' could see he was no dummy. He didn't buy no drink, but he was gettin' more 'tention inside o' t'ree minutes den if he was spendin' a tousan' dollars a minute.

"He starts off tellin' de boys 'bout havin' been one o' de main lootinants in Coxey's army, an' as de hobo—y' know de guy I mean—he was wid de same outfit an' has been tellin' ev'ybody ever since how soft eatin's was den, an how he gains t'irty pounds on de trip t' Washington, why, y' see, ev'ybody pays a hull lot of attention t' dis guy I'm tellin' youse 'bout and wants t' fin' out wedder de hobo has been kiddin' dem er not. Well,

Coxey's lootinant gets out in de middle o' de floor an' trows his mitts around like he was one o' dem teeayter guys an' makes a spel 'bout how dis country was bein' insulted by dem Englishmens, dat skinned any 'freedom-fer-Ireland' talk at de Hibernian picnic dat ever youse guys heard in yer life. Say, it was a corker! Before he gets troo he has some o' dem boozers an' hobos round here dat don't hardly knows w'at's de diff'rence between de stars an' stripes an' any odder flag an' couldn't name over t'ree o' de presidents o' dis country t' save der necks, hollerin' jus' de same as dey holler fer a First ward alderman after de 'lection's over. W'en he winds up dere ain't one in de push dat wouldn't been willin' t' cop a Winchester an' march t' de front dat minute. Say, dere ain't nottin' like a good con talk t' git a mob wid yer, is der? A guy dat kin make one has us all faded.

"W'en de bloke gets troo makin' his spel I cuts in—not wantin' t' be a knocker er nottin' like dat, y' know—an' says t' de guy, 'Say,' I says, 'say, me fren', dey ain't goin' ter be no war wid dem Englishmens, is dey?'

"How d' yer know dey ain't?" says he.



"OORAY FER OLD ENGLAND!"

"I didn't say dey wasn't," says I; "I jest asks yer if dey was."

"Well, young felly," says he, "jes' tell me wot give yer de idee der ain't," says he, an' I kinder starts t' git sore at de guy, fer he acts like he t'ought he was talkin' to a chump.

"I only knows wot I reads in de papers, Mr. Coxey," says I, like dat, "an' I want yer t' understand' one t'ing, dat I ain't tryin' t' knock yer game er nothin' like dat. I'm only lookin' fer information."

"Chances are we'd a' had a scrap over de little ol' argyment, fer de Coxey guy was gittin' up on his ear, but jes' den in comes a bloke wid brass buttons on his benny an' little side w'iskers on his face an' plenty o' de booze in him. He comes up t' de bar an' cracks dis way:

"I say, barman, 'ave yer any 'alf an' 'alf on drawft?"

"Naw, but we 'ave some bloomin' stout in a bleedin' bottle dat I kin let yer 'ave if y' slap down two bits," says I, like dat, kinder kiddin' him along a little, y' see. Well, he buys a bottle o' stout an' after he drinks it he pulls out a paper dat he got from over in Englan' an' starts readin' out from it 'bout the 'hounrageous cheek o' de Hamerician president,' er somet'in' like dat.

"Is dey goin' t' be a war?" says I.

"Hi down't know," says he, like dat. "Hi 'ope der is. We'll lick de stuffin' out o' de blawsted Yankees!" An' den he turns round t' de gang an' hollers, "Ooray fer old England!"

"Oh, dey didn't do nothin' t' dat guy! Every one o' de gang tried t' git a wallop at him at onct.

"After dey has rousted him out o' de place I picks up t'irteen brass buttons an' near 'nuff pieces o' dat coachman's ovycloot t' fill a bushel basket.

"All o' de gang come back in a minute er two 'cept de

Coxey guy. I guess he must a' stuck to de Englishman till de two o' dem got pinched. I tell yer, dis country needs a war t' stir up a lot o' dem dead men dat's walkin' 'round.

"But I'll tip one t'ing off t' yer," concluded the barkeep, as he invited his friends to join him. "If ever dey is a war started here's a guy dat'll take t' de woods. A guy takes nuff chances o' gettin' croaked 'round here widout goin' out an' lettin' dem shoot dem gatlin' guns at yer. I don't want no part of it."

THE "GIVE-UP."



INQUIRED the barkeep of his friend the copper on the beat as he joined him in his regular "mornin's mornin'," "do you know anyt'ing 'bout dat knock-out graft?"

"Knockouts, is it? Well, yis; Oi may say dthat Oi do. Oi've seen wan or two party good knockouts in me toime, an' if Oi do be sayin' it mesilf Oi've knocked out a few fellys mesilf."

"Yes, chances are," replied the barkeep, "you have put out a few harmless drunks wid dat small-sized ball bat you got in yer mitt, w'en you t'ought you had to show yer at'ority. But I ain't talkin' 'bout puttin' a guy out wid a wallop er nottin' like dat; I'm talkin' 'bout givin' a guy de dope to put him out so's y' kin cop wot coin he has."

"Oh, yis! Oi t'ink Oi've been tould av sich worruk, but Oi don't know whether it do be dthe truth er not. Phwat d' yez think?"

"I was only askin' t' see wedder you was next to de graft er not. A guy dat was in here dis ev'nin' was wot made me t'ink 'bout it. I might as well tell you 'bout dis bloke, anyhow, aldough I got no business makin' suckers wise. Y' see, dey's a guy comes in here wot used t' know me fren' Muggins in New York, an' him an' Mug-

gins was tellin' me 'bout how dey used t' be old pals togedder on de Bowery.

"I'm on me way out west t' git de coin," de guy tells Muggins.

"Where you goin'?" says Muggins.

"Out to dat creek."

"Wot creek?"

"W'y, de Cripple's Creek," says de guy. "'Tain't much

further west den dis town, is it?"

"Oh, no. You could walk it easy 'nuff if you didn't have de price to ride," says Muggins, kiddin' him a little, fer, y' see, dat New York guy never was more den ten miles away from de Bowery before in his life an' didn't have no more idee where de Cripple Creek was den dat hobo over dere has o' where he's goin' t' eat de day after to-morrow.

"How are you goin'

"HE'LL HAND YOU ANYT'ING HE'S GOT."

to cop de coin?" says Muggins; 'got a new graft?'

"I got de swellest knockout ever dey was in de world," says de Bowery guy, 'an' dey tell me der ain't a guy in de Cripple's Creek dat ain't runnin' round wid his pockets full o' dat gold money.'

"Yes, dat's all right," says I, 'but you know wot dem



Cripple Creek guys'll do to you if dey ketch you trowin' de knockout into anybody. Dey won't give you no chance t' tell yer troubles to no judge.'

"Dat's all right," says de Bowery guy, "I'll take a chance wid dem. De beauty 'bout dis knockout I got is dat dey can't nobody get nex' to it. De only guy dat was nex' to it was de guy wot made it an' tipped it off t' me, an' he croaked t'ree mont's ago."

"Just den me fren' de pup has to cut in. 'Ain't you heard 'bout de new one?' he says to de Bowery guy. 'No? W'y, it's a swell. Skins de knockout t'irty ways from de jack! Dey calls it de "give-up." All you has to do is to give it to a guy an' den in a couple o' minutes ask him fer anyt'ing he's got an' he'll hand it to you. He don't go out at all. Den he'll go on off an' go t' bed an' forget where he's been. It's de swellest t'ing in de world, I tell you.'

"I didn't t'ink de Bowery guy would stand fer dat one, but he does. Well, anyhow, a guy dat ain't got nut enough to get de money no odder way only wid de knockout is liable to stand fer most anyt'ing.

"Kin y' git me some o' dat stuff?" says de Bowery guy. "Sure," says de pup, "I've got some of it wid me." An' he shows de Bowery guy a little bottle o' water he has framed up fer him.

"Now, I'll tell you wot we'll do," says de pup. "See dat big guy over dere?" an' he points to me fren', de kid—de fighter, you know—who's sittin' over in de corner readin' de paper. "Well, dat guy ain't got nothin', but you kin just try it on him, anyhow. Ask him over to have a drink." Well, dey calls de kid over an' he asks fer a drink o' booze, an' den de pup stalls him an' de Bowery guy pours a little o' de pup's 'give-up' in de drink. De kid

cops it an' in 'bout t'ree minutes de Bowery guy asks him fer his necktie.

"'Wot're you doin', kiddin' me?' says de kid, an' de Bowery guy don't know wot t' make of it. But de pup tells him dat he didn't give him enough o' de dope, so dey gives him annoder drink, an' dis time de Bowery guy pours in enough t' kill a horse if de stuff was on de square. In 'bout five minutes de Bowery guy goes at de kid kinder rough, an' says, grabbin' him by de collar, 'Gimme dat coat!' like dat.

"'Wot's de matter wid you, anyhow?' says de kid, 'are you daffy? I'll give you a poke in de nose in a minute.'

"'Dat's all right,' says de Bowery guy, 'jest take off dat coat an' vest,' an' den de kid hands him a peach between de eyes an' near puts him out. While we're splittin' dem out de pup screws, an' w'en de Bowery guy gets next dat it was all a kid he starts out to look fer him an' swears he'll never go back t' de Bowery no more till he gets him. I don't know whedder he found him er not, fer I ain't seen de pup since. But it ain't no t'ree to one dat he didn't trow some o' dat knockout o' his dat was on de square into de pup t' get even if he did find him."

THE BARKEEP DISCUSSES HYPNOTISM.



SAID the barkeep, as he went over and sat down beside his friend the seedy politician, "was you around last night w'en dat guy dat called hisself a 'hipnytist' was in here?"

"Naw," replied the politician sleepily, "who was de gazabo?"

"I don't know who he was er w're he come from, but he was a kind of a dago-lookin' guy wid w'iskers. He comes in here an' starts tellin' me 'bout his graft, an' on de square, I t'ought he was bug house. An' between me an' you, I won't stand fer dat game o' his—dat 'hipnytisum' er wotever he calls it. Dem guys has got t' show me somet'in' before I'll stan' fer dem tales dey tell. I t'ink it's all de bull con."

And having thus relieved himself, the barkeep settled in his chair, put his feet up against the stove, offered the politician a "rope," and then proceeded to tell about it.

"Dis hipnytisum guy tells me dat he kin make anybody do anyt'ing he wants dem to wid dis graft o' his. 'Dat's softer den me fren' de pup's give-up dope,' says I, fer o' course I t'ink he's kiddin' me. 'I don't know nottin' 'bout dat, but what I'm tellin' youse is on de level,' says de guy, not usin' dem words exac'ly, fer he talked like one o' dem silk-stockin' political speliers.

"Do you t'ink you kin hypnytise de barkeeper into settin' about five beers up on de bar fer us?" says de pup. "Oh, no; dat wouldn't be jest right," says de guy, "but I'll buy youse a drink," an' he slaps down de coin, so we sees dat he ain't a bad feller, anyhow.

"But I kin hipnytise de barkeeper if I want to," says de guy after awhile. "Do you t'ink you could?" says I. "Not in a t'ousand years, me fren". De only t'ing dat kin

hipnytise me into puttin' drinks up on dat bar is de coin. You're daffy any time you t'ink I'll stan' fer any game o' con dat you er anybody else kin trow into me, whedder you calls it hipnytism er de plain old conalorum. I kinder t'ink you're stringin' me, anyhow."

"De guy kinder gets sore at me not b'lievin' wot he says, an' buys annoder drink t' show dat he's

"DE HOBO TAKES TO DE WOODS."

on de level, I s'pose. "Well, if you kin do wot you say you kin wid dat graft o' yours," says I, "you'd ought t' have more money den anybody. Wot's de matter wid goin' out on de street and trowin' dat hipnytisum into de first sucker dat shows up wid a spark in sight er dat looks like ready money? If you kin do wot you say de sucker 'd hand you wot he's got, wouldn't he? An' den you could trow some more o' dat hipnytisum into him



an' make him go on off 'bout his business er go an' jump in de lake, er anyt'ing else. You got to show me some-t'in' before I'll stand fer it.' Den I sees de hobo sleepin' in a chair over in de corner. 'Say,' I says to de guy, 'see dat guy over again' de wall? Well, he's got t'irty cents dat I know of, an' if you kin hipnytise him into comin' up to de bar an' slappin' it down fer a drink I won't say no more an' I'll quit me job tomorrow an' take you out wid me t' git de money.'

"Well, I'll try it," says de guy. "I t'ink de best way'd be to hipnytise him into t'inkin' I'm an officer an' have him pinched an' den it'll be a hull lot easier t' git him to do wot I tell him." "Dat's right," says I, "jest wake him up an' tell him yer a copper an' he's liable to hand you de t'irty to let him alone."

"Well, de guy goes over to de hobo an' wakes him up an' makes a few daffy moves wid his mitts in front o' de hobo's face an' den cracks dis way: 'Come wid me. I wanter speak wid you. I'm an officer an'—' Dat's as fur as he got. As soon as he cracks 'officer' de hobo falls off de chair backwards an' takes to de woods. He fell over near all de furniture in de joint makin' his getaway an' I near died laughin'. Y' see, dey has de hobo over to de armory de odder day an' gives him fifteen an' costs but suspen's de fine on conditions dat he'll git out o' town inside o' twenty-four hours.

"Well, the hipnytisum guy swells up after de hobo blows, an' says: 'You see how it works. I jest turn it into him too strong off de jump an' den he buys annoder drink.'

"'Say,' he says, after a minute or two, 'I ain't very big er I ain't very strong, but I t'ink I'll go into de prize fightin' business. Y' see I kin hipnytise de guy I'm fightin' wid an' git him in me power so's I kin do wot I want to wid

him an' den I kin beat him t' deat.' 'Dat's a hot one,' says I. 'You'll be de champion o' de world sure if you kin do dat.'

"I goes down under de bar an' gets an old set o' gloves an' says: 'Wot's de matter wid you an' me fren' Muggins puttin' on de gloves fer a fren'ly go jest to see wot you kin do wid him?' De guy says all right and dey puts dem on.

"Muggins is kinder leery o' de hipnytisum guy, but I tells him dat if de guy trows him into a trance I won't let him beat him up none. Well, dey starts off, an' de guy starts to make dem same kind o' daffy moves wid his mitts dat he did wid de hobo. W'en Muggins seen dem he about says to hisself: 'I'll not take no chances wid dis guy, fer he swings fer him wid his right an', on de square, I t'ought he killed him. Muggins an' me works an hour tryin' to bring him to an' finally we gets little Jimmy, de cab-driver, an' tells him to take de guy to de p'lice station an' tell de coppers he found him layin' on de street.

"I hears to-day dat he come to out in de hospital an' is gettin' better but I don't b'leve he t'inks so well o' dat hipnytisum graft o' his as he did before Muggins handed him dat one on de jaw."

THE "RUBBER-IN-THE-GLASS" HABIT.



"YOU ever notice dem guys dat's got de 'rubber-in-de-glass' habit?" inquired the barkeep of the seedy politician, not seeming to notice that he had rudely broken into a long dissertation by the latter gentleman as to who was most likely to get the committeeship from the 'steenth.

"Wot's de rubber-in-de-glass habit?"

"W'y, dem guys dat's all de time rubber-neckin' at derselves in de mirror. Dey'll be talkin' t' you all de time, but dey won't fer a minute take dere lamps off derselves in de lookin' glass.

"I t'ink it's a habit, more or less, wid de most o' dem, fer I know a lot o' good fellers dat's all de time rubberin' at derselves dat ain't stuck on der shape eider. But some o' dem's dere awful strong.

"Dey was a couple o' dem in here dis ev'nin' dat was worse den any I've seen fer some time. One o' dem is a little guy dat has jest come from de Cripple Creek, an' he's tellin' me 'bout how t'ings ain't wot dey has been cracked up t'be out dere an' how der's t'irty gamblers in de town t' every white check an' one t'ing an' annoder an' all de time he never takes his lamps off hisself in de glass a minute. Every little while he'd dig up one o' dem little roun' lookin'-glasses out of his kick so's he could

get a close peek at hisself. I finally asks him was he afraid dat one o' his ears er somet'in' would fall off if he didn't watch dem an' he was half an hour stallin' 'round fer hisself an' tellin' me how it was.

"But dere was annoder guy in here, 'long in de mornin' sometime, dat cert'nly was a peach. He looks like a Bowery alderman an' he's a bit boozed, but at dat he can't

keep his lamps off de mirror. He's tellin' me 'bout bein' de whole t'ing in New York an' one t'ing an' annoder, an' is one o' dem fellers, dat t'inks he's de swelles'-lookin' guy on de line w'en he gets a few under his belt. He's tellin' me 'bout havin' got mixed up wid some bloke over on de wes' side earlier in de ev'nin' an' 'bout how he finally puts de guy out. Well, 'bout dat time de beer runs out an' I has to go



"HE LOOKS LIKE A BOWERY
ALDERMAN."

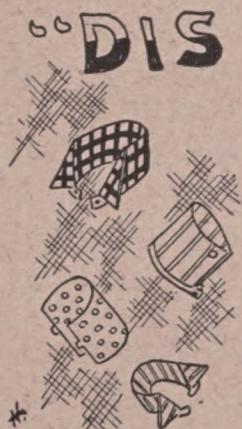
down in de cellar to tap a fresh one. Der ain't no one in de place but de hobo an' me an' de big guy, an' I tells de hobo to lock de doors if anybody drops in dat looks like he had a piece of money.

"Well, w'en I comes up de back stairs I kinder does a sneak an' takes a peek t' see if de hobo ain't back o' de bar coppin' a bottle o' booze er somet'in'. I rubbers out

an' sees de hobo sleepin' over agin de wall. Anybody might 'a walked in de joint an' took to de woods wid de cash register er anyt'ing else, an' I was a bit sore. I was just goin' to roust de hobo out de place w'en I gets a flash o' de big guy. He's standin' in front o' de mirror an' is havin' de hardes' set-to wid his shadder dat ever y' see in yer life. I t'ought at first de guy was daffy er' somet'in' but den I see dat he's only stuck on his own sparrin'. He was trowin' out his left an' den rubberin' in de glass t' see if he done it right er not. Den he'd swing wid his right an' uppercut wid his left an' he was sweatin' like he was in a bat'-house. He was dancin' round an' fightin' at hisself in de glass an' duckin' an' side-steppin' jes' like it was on de square an' it was all I could do t' keep from tippin' meself off be laffin'. I don't know how many rounds he has before I gets de peek at him, but he swings 'nuff punches to put out t'irty guys if dey was on de square.

"Well, finally I takes a bar-towel dat I has wid me, rolls it up an' t'rows it at de guy. De towel was wet an' it was just de same as gettin' hit wid a cannon-ball. I happens to cop him jes' right an' de sparrin' match was all off. De guy stuck till daylight in de mornin' tryin' t' square hisself an' tellin' me he was only takin' a little excercise on account o' bein' 'fraid of de apoplexy. It's bully listenin' to dem guys tryin' to tell you how it is after you've ketched dem wid de goods on dem, ain't it?"

THE BARKEEP AS A POLITICIAN.



"TIME last night I was de whole t'ing!" announced the barkeep the other night as he came into the place with his street clothes on. "Oh, I was rummy, I guess!" And then he waved the talent up to the bar, back of which his boss was officiating. "Yes, you kinder look like somebody'd been swellin' you up," ventured the gentleman commonly known to his friends as "the pup." "Where was you

"Oh, dat's all right. I was to a joint youse guys couldn't break into wid a bushel o' screws an' a jimmy t'irty-foot long."

"Oh, o' course! You come 'round lookin' wise an' stallin' fer yerself 'bout bein' in some swell push. You 'bout broke into de booby-hatch fer somet'in' you done! But wot are you layin' off fer, anyhow? Blowed yer job?"

"Not on yer life. Dere's no chance o' me bein' blowed. Look who I am!"

"I don't see no medals on you," said the pup.

"Well, I don't come to a flash wid dem—excep' wid de right people. But I'm just takin' a lay-off on 'count o' dis bum mitt. I got it in a argyment I has wid a big guy in here night before last."

"Oh, cert'nly, it'd have ter be a big guy. You never

did have no fight wid a little guy, did you? But how did you get it—swing fer de guy an' hit de stove?"

"You'll be kiddin' somebody 'round here till you git a wallop in de jaw," said the barkeep, as he turned to the pup, in a manner that caused the latter to back away a foot or two. "I got dis one lickin' a guy, but dere's no use tellin' you blokes 'bout somet'in' you didn't see. Chances

are you'd be tellin' me I was smokin' afore I was troo."

"Well, I guess we'll have to stan' fer it, w'en we didn't see it come off," rejoined the pup. "But, say, are you goin' t' let us choke t'deat? You're de slowest guy fer a swell bartender I ever did see."

The barkeep made a kick at the pup's shins and then ordered a drink.

"I GUESS DAT'S A POOR SUIT."

was las' night if you'll quit yer kiddin'. Y' see, dey's a guy I knows dat's de whole t'ing in his ward out sout' an' he comes in here an' invites me out to a p'litical meetin' his club was goin' to have t' kinder make a beef agin' dem reform guys dat's tryin' to frame up t'ings so dey kin t'row down de city hall push. Well, on 'count o' goin' to take a lay-off on 'count o' de bum mitt anyhow I goes out wid him an' I'm sittin' still an' behavin' meself listenin'



t' de politicians makin' der spiel w'en me fren' don't do nottin' only get up an' call on me for a speech. He interdooces me dis way:

"'Here's a gen'lman,' he says, 'dat ain't no politician, but he kin tell youse 'bout how tough t'ings is wid de boys 'round town now an' how much tougher dey'll be if dey do any more reformin' in dis town.' I was scared t' deat', fer I never made no speech before in me life 'cept de time I presents a bum super to a lady dat win it up to de Pleasure Club's ball fer bein' de champion waltzer er sometin'. But der was no chance t' stall out of it, so I gets up an' makes a swell four-flush an', on de square, w'en I gets started it was soft enough. After I get troo tellin' dem how rummy t'ings was since de Civic Federation an' one t'ing an' annoder has got after ev'rybody I makes me bow an' sets down. Dey hollers an' yells like a bunch o' Indians, an' I finally gets next dat some o' dem's kinder givin' me de laugh on 'count o' me talk not bein' so swell as some o' dem silk stockin's use er somet'in', an' I start t' get sore. I come near gettin' down off de platform an' takin' a punch at one long-haired guy in de front dat was laughin' at me, but me fren' flags me an' gets up an' moves a vote o' t'anks fer me speech, w'ich starts dem hollerin' again. Well, anyhow, dey tells me it was de swellest spiel ever dey heard an' dey was stuck t' have me join out wid dem an' be a politician. I don't want no part o' de graft, dough. If a guy was on de inside like some o' dem it'd be all right, but I see too many o' dem politicians round here broke t' t'ink well o' de game."

"I 'spose yer all swelled up now. Chances are you'll be tryin' t' run fer alderman er somet'in' 'fore long," said the pup. "But w'ere did you get dem new togs? An' dat's as hot a skin as ever I see in me life!"

"Me shirt? W'y, you stiff, dem striped boys is de right

t'ing now. You can't see nottin' but de stripes an' de checks in de windys, can yer? Me fren' de politician gimme a order fer de hull outfit an' de club says dey're goin' t' have me spiel wrote out an' framed up on de wall. But wot d'ye t'ink o' dem clo'se? I guess dat's a poor suit, hey? I guess I'm 'bout as fur ahead o' de p'litical game as I'll ever be an' I'm goin' t' let it go at dat. Give us annoder drink."

THE PUP TELLS OF A TEXAS TRIP.



I EVER tellin' you 'bout de time I was out graftin'?" asked the pup of the barkeep the other morning, as they sat down beside the stove to ponder on the woeful dullness of all things sportive and wish the winter was over.

"You was graftin'? Booze-graftin'?"

"Naw—not booze graftin'. Dis was one time I was joined out wid a nutspieler an' we was hop-skotchin' t'roo Texas. An' I'll tell you one t'ing afore

I start—dem kind o' grafters kin have der graft. It's a little too rough fer me—too many chances o' breakin' into jail. I was scared out o' ten years' growth at de blow-off o' de trip de time I was out."

"W'at was it?"

"Well, it's about four years ago. I'm on me way back from one o' dem New Orleans fights, an' not bein' hump-backed from de coin I was carryin' I ain't stuck to pay no railroad fare, but I'm goin' 'long de best I kin, shortin' de conductors an' one t'ing annoder. I gets to Shreveport one mornin' an' meets a guy I knows be de name o' Bones at de railroad station.

"W'ere you goin'?" says Bones. "I t'ink I'll go to Chicago," says I. "Wot's de use o' goin' up dere now?"

says Bones; 'join out wid me an' we'll do a little hop-scotchin' t'roo de country an' get hold o' some money.'

"Well, we finds we has seventy case between de two of us an' frames it up t' start out dat afternoon. Well, we go 'long all right fer 'bout five weeks an' be dat time we has t'ree hundred an' sixty in de bank roll. We win a

hull lot more den dat, y' know, but de coin we was slingin' t' de livery stable guys an' de hotels an' one t'ing annoder was puttin' us back all de time.

"Well, dis day we're at a little town dat's 'bout forty mile from de railroad. We drives over wid a pair o' yaller bronchos hitched to one o' dem buckboards, an' I'llbet I blowed de rig t'irty times on de way over. One o' dem bronchos was a peach. He was stuck to run away all de time, but he'd never start till we was



"HE TELLS US WE'RE PINCHED."

goin' down a hill, w'en dey was no chance t' stop him. An' every time he see one o' dem big holes in de groun' dey got down dere he tries de best he knowed how t' jump into it. Every time I sees him start for anyt'ing I blows de rig an' leaves Bones t' go t'roo wid de play.

"We finally gets into dis town an' we snake de main bull

o' de town an' start t' play de shells. After we goes along awhile we sees a couple o' guys ridin' in over de hill. Dey comes up an' takes a pipe at us an' den gets offen der horses. One guy was a real old guy wid w'iskers t'ree foot long and a couple o' cannons stuck in his belt dat made me t'ink o' home an' mudder ev'ry time I took a peek at dem. He pulls his w'iskers t' one side an' gives us a flash of a star he has pinned onto de front o' his shirt. It was cut out o' de bottom o' one o' dem big oyster cans an' he has scratched 'sheriff' on it wid a nail. De odder guy was wearin' his star on his necktie. He was de marshal or somet'in'. Dey tells us we're pinched an' dey drags us up t' de booby hatch after friskin' us an' coppin' de t'ree-sixty. I got a scar on me head yet w'ere de old guy hit me wid his cannon fer askin' him w'y didn't he pin his star onto his w'iskers w'ere people could see it.

"De wind-up was, de sheriff an' de marshal an' de main bull cuts up de t'ree-sixty between dem an' tells us t' git out o' dat part o' de country quick as we kin er dey'd put us on de county farm for de balance of our life

"You'd ought t' seen me doin' a hot foot fer de rig w'en dey turned us loose. I didn't care whedder de bloomin' broncho run away er not on de back trip. It's near daylight w'en we gets t' de town we starts from an' 'bout a mile out o' de town we jumps out o' de rig an' starts de bronchos on de run fer home. We cops de head end o' de nex' rattler up de road an' I never quit goin' till I got here.

"Bones wants me to stick at Texarkana till he kin spring a new bank-roll, but I passed de game up. Dem guys kin have der hop-skotchin' 'round de country. W'enever I see one o' dem Texas hats comin' down de street I git de shivers. Dis is purty tough here, but it's good enough fer me."

A FEW "SMOKE-UP" STORIES.

"**HELLO,**



KID," said the barkeep, as a young man with a sportive appearance and a suggestion of more prosperous days in the past entered the place and approached the bar. "How is t'ings?"

"Very rummy," said the "kid," as he approached the stove in an endeavor to absorb a little warmth. "Dis cold wedder's enough to give a broken guy de delirium tremens. Say, dis reminds me o' one night out in Leadville w'en t'ings was good an' de wedder was so cold dat a guy dat's dealin' de bank ten foot from a red-hot stove has to wear buck-skin gloves an' froze one o' his mitts at dat. Well, dat night I——"

"Now, nix, kid! Y' might as well chop dat one right dere, fer I tell yer I won't stand fer no more o' dem pipe stories. I'm daffy now from listenin' to a bunch o' broken gamblers dat's been in here fer de last two hours tellin' dem to each odder. I don't know where dey come from but dey talked like dey had jest broke out of a hop joint—aldough I'm a guy dat don't accuse nobody o' nottin' like dat till I ketches dem wid de goods on dem, see? One o' dem tells 'bout one time he's in Saint Loois an' ain't eat fer t'ree days. He's goin' along de street w'en he picks up a meal ticket wid 'bout t'ree bucks wort' o' eatin' on it in a swell eatin' joint. He goes to de place and likes to

founder hisself eatin' ev'ryt'ing in de joint from soup to nuts, an' den tellis de prop dat he's forced to blow de town on de nex' rattler an' wants his coin back. He has eat 'bout a case an' a half an' de eatin'-house guy squares it up by slingin' him a single.

"He cops de single an' goes up to play bank wid it. Not wantin' to make no daffy plunge he bets a half a case an' blows. Den he bets two bits an' blows. Den he puts de odder two bits on somet'in' an' gets a split fer it. Dey puts it on de high card an' it's his on de turn. De card dat shows in de top o' de box is de seven o' spades, w'ich, I been told, is supposed by dem hop fiends to be de luckiest card in de deck fer de chink to fetch der hop in on. Well, w'en dis guy sees de lucky card he jest leaves dat two-bit piece lay on de high card an' it win. Den he coppers it an' it win again an' he left it lay an' never lose a bet all t'roo de deal. If dat guy don't tell me dat I don't want to see no more summer wedder. It made me head ache w'en he tells how much he draws out, to t'ink o' how dey let dem guys run round loose

"But I'll have to tell you one dat a little old guy dat was in de push tells. Dis one's a winner if ever dey was one. He says dat 'bout ten years ago he's down town one



"HE PICKS UP A MEAL TICKET."

day w'en he meets a fren' o' his who's jest after buyin' a \$90 benny. His fren' says, 'How much money you got?' 'Bout a \$20 note,' says de guy. 'Dat's jest 'bout wot I got,' says his fren'; 'let's go an' play de bank.' So up dey goes an' dey blows de forty. De odder guy soaks his benny to de dealer fer fifteen an' dey blows dat. Den he soaks a super he has on an' dey blows dat. Den de two o' dem starts to leave de joint, w'en dis guy sees a white check under de roulette wheel. He picks it up an' t'rows it on de 17 an' it comes 17. Dey takes de t'ree-sixty an' starts back to play de bank. Well, accordin' to dis guy dey couldn't lose a bet. Dey was out o' soak in a little while an' w'en dey finally screws dey cuts up \$3,740.

"Dis little guy gets touched fer his part on a street car after he splits out from his fren', an' don't get next dat it's off till he gets way over on de nort' side. Den he frisks hisself and finds dat he's only t'irty cents strong. He gets off'n de car an' goes to a place where dere dealin' craps and puts de two-bit piece on de line an' makes t'ree passes fer it. Den he goes back down town wid de two-case an' starts to play de bank again.

"Well, anyhow, to cut it short, he tells us dat it took him two years over across de water to let loose o' w'at he drawed out de last time. An' a fren' o' his onct told me dat he went over on a cattle ship, t'inkin' he'd make a hit in Paris, an' come near not gettin' back. I couldn't help sayin' 'smoke up!' w'en de guy gets t'roo wid his tale an' dey gets insulted an' goes out o' de place. Oh, dem guys is bully! But dey'll get a guy nutty hisself if he mixes up wid dem much. Dat hop, er w'atever it is makes dem tell dem kind o' tales, goes fer somebody else. I'm daffy enough now tryin' t' run a peaceable place."

THE BARKEEP DISCUSSES THE X RAYS.



D'YE t'ink o' dis new way dey got fer photygraphin'?" inquired the pup as he took his feet off the stove and turned round to the light so that he could get a better look at the paper.

"Wot's dat?" asked the barkeep as he lazily tossed away the stump of a cigar.

"W'y, dey got a way now that dey kin photygraph right t'roo a guy an' see wot's inside of him."

"Wot?"

"Dat's right. If a guy's shot dey puts him in front o' de photygraphin' machine an' gets a picter o' where de bullet is, so's dey kin dig it out widout no stallin' 'round an' dubbin' wid de cards. Dey got it so's you kin see t'roo a t'ree-inch plank er a brick wall er anyt'ing."

"Wot're y' doin'—kiddin' me?" said the barkeep.

"Naw! It's on de square wot he's tellin' you," broke in the seedy politician; "w'y, dey drowns a rat de odder day an' den shoots dis noo 'lectric light into it an' fetches it back to life. An' I see dis mornin' dat all dey got to do is t' t'row dis light into a guy an' it'll cure anyt'ing from a bum gam to de consumption, an' dey kin——"

"Where you guys been—to a hop joint?" asked the barkeep, as he regarded them suspiciously. "Wot d' y'

t'ink o' dem guys?" he said, as the copper on the beat came in, "tryin' to tell me dey's a new fake invented w'ere y' kin see t'roo a guy!"

"Phwat is it?" asked the copper as he reached for the bottle.

"'Lectricity."

"Well, I'll tell yez. A felly has t' pay attintion t'near anyt'ing dthey tells him nowadays about dthis electhris-
ty. Oi been lookin' fer thim t' be runnin' dthe fire-
thrucks an' dthe pa-
throl wagons wid it
any toime."



"YOU COULD SEE W'ICH KICK HIS
COIN WAS IN."

can't tell nothin' to! W'y, dey got a picter here in de paper of a photygraph dey took of a guy's mitt showin' w'ere he has a bum knuckle. It must be on de square, fer all dem long-haired guys in de colleges is tryin' it."

"Who d'you say de guy was dat found dis out?" inquired the barkeep.

"Some Dutchman."

"Dat settles it wid me. It's all off now wid me till dey show me somet'in'. Der never was nothin' invented by

"Well, I'll not stand fer it!" declared the barkeep. "Dey got to show me! W'at d'ye t'ink o' dat—take a picter o' de inside of a guy! I wanter see dem deliver de goods afore I'll stand fer it!"

"C e r t a i n l y," responded the pup. "You're wan o' dem wise guys dat you

a Dutchman yet dat was any 'count—barrin' de beer. If it wasn't fer makin' dat wot good would a Dutchman be, anyhow?

"But, say—tell me somet'in'. Wot's de matter wid you or anybody else gettin' wan o' dem little photygraphin' fakes dat y' see guys runnin' 'round in de parks wid an' takin' one o' dem see-t'roo-you pictures of any guy dat you happens to butt into dat looks like he has de ready money?

"You could take de picter an' den stall off in de corner an' see whedder you was on a lobster or not, er w'ich kick he has his coin in, an' save yerself a hull lot o' trouble. An' if some o' dem smart guys could fake up a little picter-takin' outfit, de days ob de big mitt would be past an' gone, as de spieler over in de museum says. An' look how soft it'd be fer de saloonkeepers! All dey'd have ter do 'd be t' take a snap-shot o' de bartender w'en he comes t' work an' w'en he goes off again t' see whedder he was in de habit o' gettin' his mitts tangled up in de cash register or not. Now, I won't stand fer it. Dem guys 'll have to show me. I'm from Missouri!"

MUGGINS RETURNS FROM TEXAS.



"YOUSE guys see me fren' Muggins since he come back?" inquired the barkeep the other morning of the aggregation of talent gathered around the stove.

"Naw. W'en did he blow in?" asked the hobo.

"Las' night. An' you'd ought t' see him! All dressed up wid de reg'lar noo suit an' de paten' ledders! On de square, I ain't kiddin'. Got plenty o' de coin, too. It's a wonder some o' youse guys wouldn't blow out o' town once in a while an' see if you couldn't git hold o' somet'in' 'stead o' layin' 'round here an' tellin' some odder lobster 'bout de chunks you used to tear off w'en de World's Fair was here."

No attention whatever was paid to this remark by the gentlemen addressed.

"W'ere was he?" asked the seedy politician.

"Oh, no place, only down t' El Paso!" responded the barkeep. "I might 'a knowed he was down dere, anyhow, w'en he didn't show up 'round here. He'd 'a had t' be w'ere dem fights was goin' t' be if he had t' walk de hull way. Well, he comes in here last night an' de first t'ing de pup does is ask him was he out in de bandhouse and I has t' git out from behind de bar t' keep Muggins from

sluggin' him. Muggins gets t' tellin' us 'bout de trip. He gets t' El Paso 'bout a week ago an' blows de train he was on 'bout a mile out o' de town, on 'count o' bein' 'fraid dey might be pinchin' de guys dat wasn't comin' into town in Pullmans. Muggins starts t' walk into de town an' don't go fur till he meets one o' dem long-haired Texas guys ridin' over de prairie on a little old mule. Dis guy has come from 'way up in de mountains t' see

de fight, an' accordin' t' wot Muggins says he was as good a lookin' a mark as ever a guy run across in his life.

"De guy sees Muggins ain't no Texas guy an' he pulls up his pony an' starts askin' him 'bout de fight. 'Reckon you all know some o' dem fighters,' says de guy. 'Know dem?' says Muggins, 'w'y, sure I do! Don't you know me? Me name's Peter Maher!'

"DE GUY GETS A FLASH O' HIM."

"De doose you say!" says de guy, an' he jumps off his horse. Muggins come near screwin', fer he t'ought de guy was 'bout goin' t' cut loose at him wid a cannon. But de guy only t'rows de glad hand at him an' tells him how much dey'd been tellin' him 'bout his fightin' abilities up de country.

"'Yes,' says Muggins. 'I'm purty well known. I'm



out dis mornin' doin' a bit o' trainin' fer me fight. Say, lemme take one o' dem bags o' gold money you got dere. I want t' play de bank a little down in de town an' I come away from me trainin' quarters widout no coin. I'll hand it to you to-morrow 'long wid a ticket fer de fight.' 'Cert'nly,' says de guy, an' den Muggins tells him he's goin' t' do a little sprint acrost de prairie fer exercise an' bids de guy good day, makin' a date wid him downtown fer de nex' day.

"Muggins don't do nothin' only cop de first rattler out o' town an' he tells me dat he had de heart disease till he got clean up to Saint Loois fer fear dem Texas guys would git him. He wouldn't 'a stayed down dere if all de champeens ever dey was in de world was goin' t' fight an' he had a box seat fer de hull show. He must a' got off quite a chunk, fer he fixes hisself all up in Saint Loois an' lands here wid plenty o' coin at dat.

"I fergot t' tell you 'bout de dog Muggins fetches back wid him. He gets it down de road somew'eres an' he says it's a swell—a Roosian houind dog. It may be all right, but it's as tough a lookin' one as ever I see. Well, de bloomin' dog near scares a guy into de tremens afore de night was over. Right after Muggins gits t'roo tellin' us 'bout de trip he has in comes a guy wid a fox terrier on de end of a chain. Dis guy is boozed plenty an' is near snaky anyhow. He 'bout stole de dog somewhere but dat don't make no difference. Well, de pup stalls 'roun de guy, tellin' him wot a swell dog he has an' one t'ing an' annoder, 'till de first t'ing I knows he has de terrier off de chain an' Muggins gets him an' screws wid him. De pup keeps stallin' 'round wid de chain an' de guy t'inks he still has his dog. He's near too boozed to rubber 'round anyhow.

"Well, back comes Muggins after plantin' de terrier

an' he goes an' gets de hound dog he fetched wid him an' between him an' de pup he ties it on de guy's chain.

"In a minute er two de guy rubbers 'round an' gets a flash o' dat hound dog. He drops de chain an' looks at it a minute an' den lets one yell out o' him an' starts t' climb over de bar. W'y, I has t' strong-arm de guy an' t'row him down on de floor an' make Muggins fetch back de terrier afore he'd lay quiet. He t'ought he had de snakes, sure!

"He done an awful hot-foot out w'en we give him back his dog an' it's t'ree t'ousand t' one he'll never come in here no more. Muggins an' dat pup 'll have me on de road t' Kankakee 'fore long if de two o' dem stays in town. I t'ink I'll bar one er bot' o' dem out o' de joint."

THE BARKEEP GOES TO A DANCE.



COPPER on the beat looked long and steadily at the barkeep.

"Well, thim's as purty a pair as iver Oi see!"

"Wot's dat? Wot're y' talkin' 'bout?"

"Oi'm talkin' about them oyes yez hev!"

"Oh, me lamps! Well, wot d'ye t'ink o' dat!" said the barkeep savagely, as he turned and surveyed himself in the mirror. "I t'ought I was painted up purty good! An' I give dat actor guy a four-bit piece fer de job, too! I'll git square wid dat bloke—but say, on de level, y' couldn't make them very easy, could yer?"

"Oh, no; but it's ha-ard t' fulle an ould-timer like meself, Mike. But phwere th' divil did yez recave him? It's not often Oi hear av yez losin' a shcrap."

"I didn't lose no scrap. I win one—an' win it plenty, too. But say, if you'll promise not to tip it off I'll tell y' 'bout it.

"Y' see, de Oakleaf Pleasure club give der mont'ly ball las' Saturday night over on de west side, an' as de head guy in de club 's me pal o' course I has to be dere. Dis is de first dance I was to in two or t'ree years. I used ter take dem all in an' I used ter t'ink I wuz de whole t'ing when I was pivotin' round, but I kinder soured on de game lately.

"Well, anyhow, I gets me lady fren' an' we starts over 'bout 10 o'clock. Dey was a big crowd in de hall an' everyt'ing was goin' along smood enough an' I was havin' a purty good time drinkin' a few beers an' watchin' de gang enjoy derselves, w'en finally, 'bout 2 o'clock I guess it was, dey calls a quadrille. Dey gets every set made up 'ceptin' one and dey was only shy wan couple. Well, me

fren' comes t' me an' wants me t' dance. I balks for awhile, but finally w'en I sees dat I'm delayin' de game I grabs a little girl I knows from downtown an' says t' myself dat I'll take a chanct anyhow, al dough I knowed I'd be rummy.

"Dey was a big Dutchman in de set dat weighed about tree hundred poun's. He was near full o' de beer an' was gettin' kinder gabby. I don't know how he ever broke into dat Irish dance, but

"I T'OUGH'T I WAS PAINTED UP PURTY GOOD."

dere he was. Dey was a little dood in de set, too, wid hair like dem football players an' parted in de middle. He has a roll o' bills dat 'ud choke a dog an' I was startin' t' figger how t' git t' him meself. De girl he has wid him weighed tree times as much as himself an' de girl de big Dutchman has wasn't over four foot high.

"Well, de dance starts an' everyt'ing goes along all right fer awhile an' I was doin' purty well meself. W'en de



Dutchman 'ud swing de big girl he'd swing her good an' plenty an' dat's just how de trouble started. Y'see de Dutchman was kinder groggy an' he makes a mistake one time an' grabs de little girl an' starts t' swing her de same way he done de big one.

"On de square, he trun her t'irty feet! An' den der was a hull lot o' trouble. De girl's brudder was in de nex' set an' o' course he t'inks de Dutchman trun her down a-purpose. He wallops him in de mout' an' I, like a sucker, jumps in t' split 'em out.

"Some guy in de push t'inks I'm wid de Dutchman an' wallops me. Den o' course it was all off. I couldn't let him get away wid de punch, an' in about a secon' I'm in a mix-up with him an t'irty of his fren's. Well, finally me pal, dat's de main bloke in de dancin' club, gets t' where I'm tangled up an' stops de fight.

"Everyting was righted up an we all winds up in de bar de best o' fren's, even if me lamps was closed up. But I'll bet I closed up ten fer each o' mine. I don't know w'at dey did do wid de Dutchman, but I'll bet he's in de morgue if he got de game I did. An' y' kin go broke on one t'ing, dat's de last dance dat dey'll con dis guy into goin' to. I kin get mixed up in enough trouble roun' dis joint widout goin' out t' de wes' side lookin' fer it.

"But, say," he said, as the copper took the bottle and the glass, "yer not goin' t' trow me down an' tip it off t' de gang? All right—here's good luck!"

HE WAS NO VAGRANT.

HIS

HONOR entered the court-room with the proud and haughty mien becoming to a man who had signed nineteen bail bonds the night before at \$1 a throw, and expected to sign a few more before the day was over, hung up his hat and coat, threw his umbrella into the corner, planked himself down in the chair of justice and scowled at everybody in sight.

The mighty bailiff grabbed his gavel, banged the railing of the dock a few times and informed the quaking offenders and others in waiting that "Coort is now in sission!"

A healthy-looking "copper" in citizens' clothes emerged from the "bull-pen," dragging with him a smooth-shaven young man with a pink-striped shirt, and the wheels of justice commenced to grind in earnest.

On the sheet the young man with the striped shirt was charged with "Viol. Sec. 1598." Interpreted, this means that he was accused by the police of being a vagrant.

"Well, what do you know about this man?" said his honor, as he looked over his spectacles at the "copper."

"Yer 'onner, dthis young felly don't do nawthin' only hang 'round saloons and he ain't no good. I never seen

him 'round wit' nobody only grafters an' I don't think he ever worked a day in his life."

"Was he ever arrested before?"

"I dunno, yer 'onner."

"What have you got to say, young man?" asked the court.

"If he says I ain't workin', yer 'onner, he's tellin' wot ain't de trut'. I'm workin' ev'ry day an' dat's wot I tole him w'en he come an' flashed de paper to me."



"I NEVER BE WIT' ANY O' DEM GUNS AT ALL."

carefully unfolded and handed to the justice. It read: "This is to certify that the bearer, Mr. — — — — —, is authorized to act as solicitor for me. Signed) — — — — —, Real Estate, Englewood, Ill."

The court put down the paper and scrutinized the young man thoroughly.

"So you're in the real estate business, eh?"

"Yessir!"

"What paper?"

"W'y de paper he had t' pinch me wit'," replied the young man, evidently amazed at the ignorance of the justice.

"Oh, the warrant!"

"Sure!"

"Well, where are you working? Got anybody here to testify for you?"

"No, but I got dis," and the young man drew forth from an inner pocket a soiled and greasy paper which he

"But this letter is three months old. Are you still working?"

"Sure! I been workin' fer dis guy more'n t'ree mont's."

"Have you engineered any deals yet?"

"Wot?"

"I say, have you engineered any deals yet?"

"I ain't no engineer. I'm in de real-state business."

"Yes, so you've said. I mean, have you made any sales of real estate so far for this man you're working for?"

"Wot's dat? Oh—sure! I steered t'ree or four guys agin him already dat was stuck to buy a house an' lot."

"Three or four 'guys,' eh? Been working three months. I suppose you're working on commission?"

"Naw—I tell yer I'm workin' for dis real-estate guy."

"That's all right. I mean, do you draw a regular salary?"

"Oh, you mean wot does de guy pay me?"

"Yes."

"Well, ev'y time a mark dat I steers in buys one o' dem vacant lots out dere de guy I'm workin' fer slings me a piece o' money, see? It's all ownin' to how much de mark lets loose of."

"Do your duties keep you pretty busy?"

"I don't put in no reg'lar hours, but I'm all de time rubberin' an' keepin' me lamps open."

"What about this charge the officers make. That you're always in company with thieves?"

"No, sir! Dat's a lie! I never be wit' any o' dem guns at all!"

"Them what?"

"Dem guns! Dem grafters de copper was tellin' you 'bout."

"Oh, I see! Your language is, to say the least, highly

interesting, but I suppose it helps you to sell real estate. Were you ever arrested before?"

"No, sir!" This with much vehemence.

"Well, young man, I'll just fine you \$10 and suspend the fine. Next time I see you here you'll have to have your boss along to tell me you're working or you'll go to the bridewell. That letter game may go the first time, but that's all. And you keep away from those saloons or you're liable to be here to-morrow morning."

"Dat'll be all right, judge." And the "real-estate solicitor" carefully folded up his letter, grinned triumphantly at the copper and went outside and lit a cigarette.

THE BARKEEP GETS THE BUNCO AGAIN.



I TELLIN' youse guys about bein' agin de green goods de odder night?" asked the barkeep.

"Agin de green goods?" repeated one of the regular members. "Wot're you doin'—kiddin' somebody?"

"Naw; dis ain't no kid; it's on de square. If I don't stand fer as purty a bit o' de bunk as ever was framed up I hope de coppers 'll close de joint up at 12 o'clock de balance o' de summer. It ain't exac'ly de green goods, y'understan', but it's de same t'ing. Y'see, dere's a swell-lookin' guy comes in de joint de odder night w'en it's rainin' wid a suit-box all tied up wid de monoker of a swell tailor on de outside. He ain't got no mush an' it's jest startin' t' rain good. He comes up to de bar an' cracks like dis: 'Say, pal, I'm caught in de rain t'ree blocks away from me car an' der ain't a cab in sight. Would you be kind enough—dat's a hot one, ain't it? 'Would you be kind enough!' Dat'd come near landin' anybody!—'Would you be kind enough,' de guy says, t' len' me an umbrelly till I kin go over to de office an' get one? It was too late fer de tailor to sen' me noo suit o' clo'se home t'-day, so I'm just draggin' it meself, on account o' havin' to go 'way to-morrow, an' I wish you'd keep it here while I go git me umbrelly.'

" 'Sure!' I says, an' I don't do nothin' only reach under de back bar an' drag out de swell silk mush I cop on a rattler w'en I was goin' out sout' one night las' winter, an' hand it to de guy. If dat was as fur as I went I wouldn't be sore, but after I hand him de mush, I go back again an' drag out dat swell rain coat dat me fren' Muggins buys me w'en he's here from New York an' hand him dat.

"Wot d'you t'ink o' dat? Wot's dat? Did de guy come



"DE SWELL LOOKIN' GUY."

back? Dere was as much chance o' him comin' back as der is of a guy dat's win a little change spiellin' de nuts handin' de sucker back his coin. De clo'se? Dey was clo'se if people was wearin' noos-papers. Oh, dat guy didn't do nothin' only deal out a nice little piece o' de bunk an' hand it to me on a silver platter! An' I go to it like a duck to de wa-ter. I ben gettin' it so many ways here lately dat I'm blowed if I don't t'ink people is framin' up fer me.

"Dat was a swell night round here, dat night I give de guy me coat an' me mush. He ain't blowed more'n ten minutes an' I'm just fallin' to it dat I'm up in de air w'en in drops two Turks from out around de stock yards. One is a big raw-boned guy dat looked like he oughter lick a box-car full o' prize-fighters an' de odder is a little bandy-legged Turk dat looked like he'd a been willin' to give one o' his gams if he was t'ree inches taller.

"De two o' dem is stiff an', o' course, dey was in an argument. First it was w'ich wan had stole de most steers in his time, an' finally it gets to de silver question. Neider wan o' dem knows no more about de silver question den I do about makin' a pair o' pants, but dat didn't make no difference.

"Dey'd get to a stage w're dey couldn't tell wot dey t'ought o' wan annoder wid a spiel, an' den de big guy'd swing fer de little wan wid a blackt'orn he had in his mitt. De little guy'd duck an' de big guy'd fall down, an' den de argument was off till he got to his pins again. Dey kep' on goin' like dat till finally de big guy calls de little wan an A. P. A. an' swings fer him wid de club again. Den it was off.

"De little guy don't leave him get up dis time, an', on de square, fer five er ten minutes I t'ought I was goin' t' have murder in de house. De little guy went round him like a cooper around a barrel, an' he wasn't dere wid no bicycle shoes, neider. It took t'ree er four wallops in de jaw afore I could split dem out, an' dey tell me dat de new bull dat was on dis beat fer a couple o' nights went over an' tol' de captain I was runnin' a rough house. A guy's troubles never come single-handed, huh? I have a couple more arguments dat same evenin', an' some guy gets to me vest dat was hangin' up back o' de bar fer a two-case note. I finally sloughed de joint at 12 o'clock an' went on home fer fear de long guy an' de short guy'd drop in on me afore mornin'.

"Wot's de matter wid all youse guys? Are you all dead? Well, we can't choke t' deat', I s'pose. Step dis way."

THE BARKEEP VISITS THE RACE-TRACK.



BARKEEP took a fresh cigar and grinned at the gang in front of the bar. "I'll tell youse guys," he said, "dey ain't nothin' to it, us race-horse guys is de only people!"

"Race-horse guys?" asked the seedy politician, "they ain't got you again de horses, have they?"

"Again de horses! Wot d'you mean —bettin' on dem skates? Nix—not fer me! Not wid counterfeit money.

But me an' de pup has got all dem touts out dere beat t' death. You oughter seen us out dere to-day—an' we came back wid de goods, too!" and the barkeep brought forth a roll of bills that caused most of his auditors to experience an itchy feeling at the tips of their fingers.

"Where's de pup? Did he land wit' de goods, too?"

"Sure. He got his bit. I s'pose he's got too much money t' come round here. He'll 'bout show up w'en he's broke an' chokin' t' death. Y' see dey was a guy handed me a ticket fer de track las' night an' on 'count o' not havin' nothin' to do to-day I t'ink I'll go out an' see de skates run, anyhow. An' den I t'ought dey might be a chance t' run onto some o' dem race-horse guys dat I staked to get-away money las' fall. Anyhow I cops a rattler an' goes out dere an' de first guy I make when I get inside de

gate is de pup. He was planted dere waitin' fer a live one, I s'pose, an' he must a t'ought I come out wid somethin' on me meself, fer he grabs me right off de jump an' starts t' tell me wot he knows 'bout de first race.

"'Go on away from me,' says I, 'an' tell dat to somebody's got somethin'. I'm out here tryin' t' borry a little money.'

"'You stick wid me an' we'll bot' have money,' says de



"DE PUP GETS DE FORTY."

pup. 'Come on; let's hustle togedder.' Well, I goes wid him anyhow, an' in 'bout t'ree minutes he stops in front o' two guys dat looks like dey wasn't used t' bein' on a race-track, an' de bot' o' dem look like dey was ready money. W'en we gets in front o' dem de pup cracks to me like dis: 'Well, wot d' you t'ink you'll do wid de mare to-day?' kickin' me in de shins at de same time. 'I don't

see how I kin lose,' says I. 'I t'ink it's an airtight.' I seen de two suckers kinder rubberin' at us an' den de pup says, 'Ain't dat her goin' dere now?' pointin' to a skate dat was bein' warmed up out on de track widout no colors up. 'Sure, dat's her!' says I, an' we walks away a few feet, an' sure enough de suckers is tailin' us up.

"'You stick here,' says I to de pup, all de time givin' de two guys a chanct to hear wot I was crackin', 'an' I'll go down to de paddock and look de mare over an' tell de boy

how to ride her. Den I'll come back an' hand you some money to bet fer me. I don't t'ink dere's a chanct on eart' for her to lose, widout she drops dead', an' den I goes off behind one o' de boxes an' watches de pup. I ain't gone a minute afore de pup turns round an' borries a light from one o' de guys, an' he's mixin' up in der conversation right away. O' course dey want t' know w'ich skate is de one I own an' de pup tells dem he'll tip it off just as soon as de bettin' opens, fer, he says, if dey ain't a good price again de mare I might not send her out after de money.

"Well, I goes back t' w'ere de t'ree o' dem is standin' an' de pup interduces me to de suckers as a horse owner dat has his name in de papers t'ree er four times a week.

"Dat mare looks fit t' win a Derby," says I. "It's all over right now but hangin' up de number."

"Den I call de pup off an' make de suckers t'ink I'm handin' him a bunch o' money t' bet on de skate, an' by dat time der all ribbed up an' willin' t' bet der clothes on wotever de pup tells dem. Well, w'en dey start t' make book on de race I leave de pup t' handle de guys

"He takes dem into de bettin' ring an' says: 'Now, gimme twenty t' bet fer de jock an' twenty t' bet fer de trainer an' dat'll make it all de stronger. If de jock has a ticket on de horse in his pocket he'll go out in front off de jump an' take no chanct o' lettin' anyting get to him.'

"Well, de pup gets de forty an' den points out a trick dat dey was layin' 12 to 1 again an' bot' de suckers went down the line like a couple o' reg'lar plungers, wid a sure-t'ing smile on der face dat'd make you t'ink of a hungry hobo dat has just found a live leather. W'en de horses comes out we see dat de one we has dem on is a big black skate dat looks like it just come offen a milk wagon an' de one we pointed out dat was warmin' up was a trim-lookin' little bay.

“ ‘If dat dog kin ever win we’ll have nothin’ but de money,’ says de pup w’en dey was off, but, on de square, after de race I was ‘shamed t’ go back in de bettin’ ring. Dat big black dog must a’ been half a block behin’ de last horse at de finish. But dat never bothered de pup at all. He went down t’ hunt up de suckers. We land annoder guy again de same t’ing de last race an’ de trick we give him win, so we come back to town wid de goods on us, anyhow.

“I tell you dat race-horse life is de only life. I t’ink I’ll quit me job an’ join out wid de pup fer de balance o’ de summer.”

“Well, I guess dat sticks you, don’t it?” asked the politician, and the gang involuntarily lined up to the bar.

THE BARKEEP TRIES THE BICYCLE.



GUYS 'll quit kiddin' me if I grab de seltzer bottle," said the barkeep the other evening as he turned to the mirror and sized up a somewhat badly battered face and a particularly bad eye.

"Dat lamp 'll be all right in a day er two," he continued, "an' de rest of it don't amount to nottin'. I don't t'ink I'll lose me girl on 'count o' me looks."

"You look like a dog in de face," remarked the pup, "but tell us, on de square, an' all kiddin' off, who was you fightin' wid?"

"Fightin'? I s'pose youse guys don't t'ink a guy kin get a bum lamp no odder way only w'en somebody hands him a punch in de face? I wasn't fightin' wid nobody—only me bicycle."

"Yer bicycle?" came in chorus from his auditors.

"Yes, me bicycle. I s'pose a guy ain't entitled t' ride wan o' dem if he wants to? I'm agin it an' agin it plenty, but I wasn't goin' t' tip it off to nobody till I got so's I could handle de bloomin' t'ing widout bein' afraid I was goin' t' break me nut open agin de pavin' blocks every time I has to dodge a bread wagon, an' den I was goin' t' come down de line wid me reg'lar bicycle suit on dat I'm havin' made an' show youse guys wot dead ones y' are."

"Oh! an' dere you are, eh?" broke in the pup. "I guess

you'll lay purty quiet now, won't you? Ain't so stuck on dem bicycles as you was afore you jolted yer face again de street, are you? De street-cars 'll be purty good fer me old pal from dis time on, won't dey? I guess you'll—"

"Aw, shut up! I s'pose w'en wan o' youse guys gets trowed in jail dat stops you from goin' out hustlin' de nex' day? A guy dat wants to be one o' dem bicycle riders has got to stand fer a few bumps in de nose. You'll see me comin' down de boulyvard afore long wid a pair o'

dem checkered stockin's an' wan o' dem chappie's caps on. Der ain't nothin' to it. A guy ain't in line no more widout he rides one o' dem."

"Was you out on de street yet, er are you stickin' to de alley fer awhile?" inquired the pup.

"I ain't been ridin' in no alley. I been over here to de bicycle school. I wisht



"DEY AIN'T NONE O' DEM GOT ME BEAT."

I'd a stuck dere awhile longer. was de cause of all me troubles.

"Y' see, der's a guy I knows dat's workin' over here in wan o' dem joints w're dey teach suckers how to ride bicycles, an' he takes me over dere wid him de odder day t' see a few funny falls. I watch dem guys havin' rough-an'-tumble fights an' ketch-as-ketch-can rasslin' matches wid der machines for awhile an' den, o' course, I t'ink, like a sucker, dat it'd be soft fer me t' ride wan o' dem an'

I go an' crack t' me friend t' drag out a bicycle fer me an' start me off.

"He goes an' gets wan o' dem dat dey have fer dem new guys t' ride, one o' dem dat y' couldn't hardly break wid a sledge-hammer, an' he puts me on it an' starts me off good an' plenty. I kep' on goin' all right, but everybody dat got a flash o' me comin' took to de woods. I gets down near de far end o' de hall widout fallin' off, but w'en I come t' turn t' go up de back stretch I trip up t'ree or four guys, wid one lady in de bunch, I b'lieve. Dat gets me sore an' o' course I can't show no yeller streak be quittin' at dat stage, so I stick, an' be de time I blow I t'ink I'm purty bully. I go back de nex' day an' hand de guy de price fer a bunch o' lessons, and be de end of de week I got an idea in me nut dat dey ain't none o' dem got me beat.

"Den, o' course, I'm stuck t' do me turn on de boulevard, an' I gets up to-day an' goes over to me fren' in de bicycle teachin' joint, swings on him fer de loan of a w'eel an' starts out.

"I'm purty fair, barrin' blowin' me holt of de machine a couple o' times widout no damage, till I get way out sout'. Den I want t' be wan o' dem scorchers, an' dat was de startin' in o' me finish.

"I'm goin' along purty good w'en I see a fat guy ridin' towards me kinder slow. Just den a milk wagon er some-t'in' rounds de corner on de hot-foot an' I do me little duck on de outside. So does de fat guy. I see him comin', but dey was no chance fer me t' side-step him widout I fell off me wheel. In annoder minute me an' him an' a couple o' bicycles is all over de street.

"It must 'a been swell fer a guy dat had a peek at us. Talk 'bout me bein' marked, you'd ought to see de fat guy. He went out altogeder, an' I had me machine, er as

much as dey was of it, in an express wagon, an' was ridin' downtown afore he come to.

"But dat'll be all right. Youse guys kin gimme de laugh now, but I'll be wan o' dem bicycle riders if I get a bum lamp an' blow part o' me check-rack every time I get on de t'ing. Just keep yer lamps on me dis summer!" and the barkeep reached for the different samples of "bottled goods" on the back bar and proceeded to fill them all out of the same jug.

THE RACE-TRACK TOUT DESCRIBES A BALL GAME.



AT one of the Indiana race tracks last Sunday evening a crowd of stable-boys, touts and jockeys were loafing around one of the stables discussing the races of the day before and trying to figure out the right ones for the day to follow.

There wasn't even a crap game around to furnish a little excitement and the conversation was lagging when there hove in sight a young man known around the tracks as "Sliver."

"Sliver" was dressed in his best and looked, as one of the crowd expressed it, "like ready money." "Sliver" made his living by inducing unsophisticated people to believe that he knew which horse was to win a race and getting them to bet their money accordingly. In short, he was a tout.

"Where you been, Sliver—out wit' yer reg'lar folks?" asked one of the crowd.

"Nix. I been out t' see a sellin' race."

"A sellin' race!"—this in chorus from his audience.

"Yes, an' you'd think by de mob dey was dere dat dey was goin' t' run off a t'irty t'ousan' dollar stake."

"You better go on back to de joint. You smoke a couple o' more pills an' you'll be thinkin' you've got a guy down fer nothin' short of a century to every trick that

starts. What d' you think o' that! Sunday night, an' he's been out to see a sellin' race!"

"Aw, you quit yer kiddin'. Dis was one between Chicago and St. Louis—de ball game I mean."

"Oh, you was out to see dem base-ball players! It was a bum game, huh?"

"Yes, fer everybody but de guys dat owns de track. I

mean de park where dey play. Dey was so many people a guy dat ain't next to de game didn't have no chance t' see w'at dey was doin'. Y' see dey was nottin' to de bloomin' t'ing. De Chicago mob got off in de lead an' nottin' ever got to dem. I mean de Saint Loois guys never got to dem. Dey swelled der lead every jump an' turned into de stretch a block in front an' win wit' der head pulled sideways in a natural walk. Dat's all dat was de matter wid de race—de game, I mean. I'd a liked to seen dem

"DEY WIN WIT' DER HEAD
PULLED SIDEWAYS."

head an' head at some part o' de route."

"Wot was dey layin' again Chicago?"

"Dey don't make no book on dem ball games. Dat was de only t'ing I was sore about. I didn't have no chance t' tout nobody, widout it was again' pop er bum cigars. If dey'd a' been a chance to put down a bet I b'lieve I'd a been on de wrong one anyhow. Y' see Saint



Loois comes out first fer der exercise gallop an' I kinder liked de way dey warmed up. Den Chicago comes out fer a breeze t'roo de stretch, an' I, not bein' wise to de game, I t'ink it's about a stand-off between de two o' dem an' wit' even weights dat der might be a chance fer a swell finish. But a guy can't get no line on dem ball players by watchin' dem work, fer after de first couple o' jumps der wasn't a minute dat Chicago wasn't a 1-to-10 shot.

"After de two o' dem is t'roo wit' der warmin'-up gallops de official starter comes out an' drops de flag. Dat is, he blows his whistle. The official starter and de judge is de same guy—an' he kin have his job. If a guy'd make a roar again a decision on a race-track to de judge like I see dem guys out dere doin' to de judge at dat ball game he'd be ruled off every track in de world fer de balance of his life.

"Dey makes a rule out dere, on 'count o' de mob dat's standin' round de infield, dat de guy dat wallops de ball into de crowd is entitled to go to de t'ree-quarter pole. Den he sticks dere till he has a chance t' sprint fer de wire w'en annoder guy wallops de ball. An' dat's w'ere de judge comes in. Wot he says goes 'bout whedder de guy beats de ball er de ball beats de guy to de wire, an' he has a many a nose finish t' decide at dat.

"De head guy o' de Chicagos made a hit wit' me w'en he was sprintin'. He kin wallop de ball all right, but it's a sight t' see him run. Dey tell me he's older den old Barnum was afore dey quit sendin' him after de money down to the Beach. Dis old guy I'm tellin' you about kin sprint fer de quarter pole purty fair, aldough he's a bit slow gettin' off, an' I guess his action ain't wot it used to be.

"But w'en he has to go up de back stretch to de half he begins to look like a sellin' plater, an' by de time he's

roundin' de far turn fer de t'ree-quarters he ain't goin' fast enough to head an ice wagon an' looks like he's ready to t'row his tail up into de air an' buck-jump any minute. But at dat he's bully if he's as old as dey say he is.

"Dere's one guy in de game dat makes more noise w'en one o' dem ball-players is tearin' down de stretch tryin' to beat de ball to de wire den a sucker wit' a two-dollar note on a hundred-to-one shot dat's out in front. Dey call him de coacher. You'd t'ink by de way he pulls fer de guy to win dat he was down on him fer a chunk that'd make Riley Grannan look like a pik

"Dere's no use talkin', dem ball games has cert'nly got a lot o' people stuck. De only t'ing I was sore 'bout was t'inkin' wot a guy could do if dat bunch o' suckers dat was out to dat ball game could only be turned loose on a race-track."

THE BARKEEP GETS THE "BUNCO."



WE'RE goin' t' turn off yer ——" This expression was addressed to the barkeep the other evening by a man in the garb of a laborer.

The sentence had been rudely interrupted by a stream from the seltzer bottle and a couple of bar towels, hurled at the speaker, who fled precipitately.

"Wot's de matter wit' you? Are you sore because dem guys is goin' t' turn off yer water er wotever it is?" asked the pup, while the rest of the gang looked at the barkeep in surprise.

"Turn off nothin'! I see right now dat youse guys ain't wise to de latest way o' booze-graftin'. I wasn't wise to it meself till I fell again it de odder day, but I'll lay a little better den even money dat I don't fall no more. It's swell at dat. Anybody'd stand fer it dat never seen it afore.

"Y' see, t'ree er four days ago I'm on watch in de afternoon w'en in blows a couple o' guys wid der shirt sleeves rolled up, an' red undershirts an' der overalls lookin' like dey'd fell into a mudhole somewhere. De bot' o' dem looks like a couple o' boys dat has just come out of a sewer to get a little drink fer derselves. One o' dem cracks like dis: 'Say, Mister, we're goin' t' turn off yer water fer awhile, an' we t'ought we'd come an' tell yer so's you wouldn't have no trouble.'

" 'Much 'bliged t' you,' I says, an' den, t'inkin' dey're entitled to a drink, 'Wot'll you have?' says I. I gives dem a bowl o' beer apiece an' den I gives dem annoder one on de condition dat dey don't tip it off to de Dutchman acrost de street dat dey was goin' to turn de water off.

"Den I hand dem a rope apiece an' dey tell me dey'll come in an' tell me w'en ev'ryt'in' is all right again.

"As soon as dey screw I start to frame up fer de water bein' shut off. I fill all de pails an' buckets in de joint an' den I send de hobo out t' borry a couple o' tubs an' I fill dem too, till finally de back o' de bar looks like a nat-toryum. I come near fallin' into dem tubs two er t'ree times, and I did put me gam into wan bucket afore I fell to it dat I'd been handed as purty a bunch o' de bull con as I'd heard tell of in many a day."



"WE'RE GOIN' T' SHUT YER WATER OFF."

"De bull con!" exclaimed his auditors.

"Yes, de bull con. Dem two guys wid de mud on der jeans just dealt me as nice a chunk o' de bunco as ever was tossed into a sucker in de world. De water never did quit runnin', an' I fell over dem pails an' tubs fer t'ree hours afore it come into me narrow head dat I was again de nuts. Den it costs me t'ree er four boozes t' snake de hobo so's he won't tip it off to de gang, an' he win supper money emptyin' de tubs an' draggin' dem back w'ere he got dem. He's been shakin' me down fer booze ever

since, an' so I t'ought I might as well tip it off meself. Dat was a poor one, I guess. An' dey was dere wid de reg'lar make-up an' ev'ryt'in'! Well, I'll bet dere ain't a guy in de world dat wouldn't stand fer it de way it come to me.

"But I'm liable to cut loose wid a cannon at de nex' guy dat comes in an' starts to t'row me dat spiel.

"An' de only t'ing I want youse guys to do if you want to keep in good repute wid me is to see dat de Dutchman ain't put next. See?"

"Well, you better show us somet'in'. We won't stand fer you to play no favorites wid de hobo," said the seedy politician, and the gang proceeded to line up to the bar.

THE BARKEEP DISCUSSES THE SILVER QUESTION.



"SAY," TELL me somet'in'. Wot's all dis argument dem politicians is havin' 'bout dis gold money an' dis silver money?" asked the barkeep one morning of the copper on the beat, who had just dropped in for his usual eye-opener.

"Argumints about money, is it?" responded the guardian of the peace; "be gobs, I don't t'ink dther's many av thim politicians has got anny money to be fightin' over. I see a hull lot more av thim around widout it than wid it. Phwat's th' argumint?"

"That's wot I just cracked to you fer, t' see if I could get wise to wot it was meself. I'm readin' all de time in de papers 'bout dis swell politician bein' fer gold money an' dat one fer silver money, and all dis an' dat, an' w're wan mob dey call de gold-bugs is holdin' a meetin' at dis place an' 'bout a bunch o' silver guys dat's framin' it up between demselves somewhere else. I guess dey must be scrappin' about what kind o' money we're goin' t' handle from dis time on, huh?"

"Oi don't know, meself," replied the copper. "Oi don't care phwat kind av money a man wants: He'll get my vote av he's on th' democrat ticket."

"Cert'nly. Dat's all youse turks know, is to eat corn beef an' cabbage an' vote fer de democrats. If I had me fren' de politician here he could put me next to wot de split-up was 'bout de gold an' silver money. I start readin' a book a guy gimme one time 'bout dis money argument an' I trun it in de stove afore I went very far. It would 'a had me bug-house sure.

"I t'ink dat it said 16 to 1 on de cover o' de book. Wot was dat—wot de guy dat wrote it was willin' to lay dat he was right! Oh, dat's right; I fergot. You don know nottin' 'bout it. 'Bout all you know is to t'row some poor guy dat ain't got nottin' in de bandhouse.

"I b'lieve I seen somewhere w're dem swell guys dat owns de banks an' one t'ing an annoder is all fer havin' gold money an' dat dem boys dat comes to town from out west wid w'iskers on der face an' der pants in der boots is all fer de silver. Well, eider one o' dem's purty good. I notice dat de guys dat owns de banks is all dere wid der reg'lar tally-hos an' is livin' in dem brown stone fronts, but I'm kinder stuck on de odder guys, too, fer I know a hull lot o' people dat'd starve t' deat' if dey didn't drop into town once in awhile.

"But I can't get it t'roo me nut wot de banker guys see in de silver money dat don't suit dem an' wot de boys wid de w'iskers is all de time lettin' a roar out o' dem agin'



"WAN O' DEM BOYS FROM KANSAS."

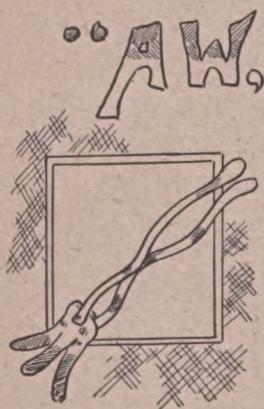
de guys dat's stuck on de gold. I'll stand fer eider. All I want is to get me mitts on enough of it.

"W'y don't de gold guys an' de silver guys declare it all off an' fix it so's dey won't make nottin' but paper money from dis time on? Dat'd be good enough fer me. If dey was no silver money an' a guy come in wid a paper case note I couldn't make no change—see?—and de guy'd have to take it out in booze if he wanted to get action fer it.

"W'y, dey got all dem guys round here in de 1st ward dat never uster let nottin' bodder dem only t' find out w'ich guy dat was out fer alderman has de most coin—w'y, dey're all fightin' 'bout dis gold and silver. I see right now dat I'll be a lobster if I don't get somebody t' put me wise to it. I t'ink I'll go out an' drop in on me fren' dat runs de p'litical club out sout' w'ere I made de spiel dat night an' see wot he knows about it.

"Y' see I want to be framed up in case one o' dem boys from Kansas drops into de joint, so's I kin go 'long an' be wid him on de money argument widout makin' no bloomers an' tippin' me mit. Well, you might as well take to de woods now before de sergeant comes in an' ketches you in de joint. I got into trouble over de last bull was on dis beat. Cop dis drink an' screw. I got to figger up an' see if de register don't owe me a little change."

THE BARKEEP HAS A TOOTH PULLED.



DERE'S me pal now an' he's all ablaze," was the greeting of the barkeep the other evening as the pup entered the place wearing a cane, a new summer suit and an expansive smile.

"De glad right mitt, old comrade!" continued the barkeep as he extended his hand over the bar. "I must say you're lookin' rummy! Dat's a poor front you got, I guess. Wot's dat? Join you! W'y, cert'nly. Your con-

versation is very pleasant.

"Step dis way, gen'lemen; me fren' has dropped in wid de goods. De wine clerk can't carry nottin' over to youse guys, so you'll have to swing on de bar if you want any 'tention.

"I see right now dat I'll have to hire a few new boosters purty soon. Some of youse guys has been workin' too long at de wan job, I guess. Well, how's it been, old pal? You cert'nly do look like you was dere wid de coarse currency. You must 'a beat a race er two fer yer own money lately. Dey was a guy was tellin' me yesterday dat you had all dem bookmakers out dere rubbin' every time dey got a flash o' you comin' towards dem. How is dat?"

"Say," broke in the pup, "did you ever notice how w'en

a guy comes 'round wid a new front an a spark in sight an' lookin' like he's got de goods dat ev'rybody dat he ever knowed is all out wid de glad mitt, and dey all start right off de jump to hand him de bull in some shape er form?"

"Dey's nottin' to it," agreed the barkeep. "You have my views. But we'll just quit shootin' de bull an' be on de square fer a minute. Just hand me ninety fer dem

drinks you just got. You're de slowest guy I ever did see. You need more heelin' an' handlin' in front of a bar den a sucker. T'ank you. I'll just ring up de single on 'count o' de hard times. Oh, dat's all right, you'll get action fer it. I'll smoke a cigar wid you afte awhile."

"Oh, but a guy don't get it handed in to him raw er nottin' 'round here. W'y don't you

"W'Y DON'T YOU START A NUT-JOINT?"

start a nut-joint?" asked the pup, as he started for the door.

"Aw, dat's all right. You ain't had no money in so long you ain't used to dat kind o' handlin', dat's all. But you're bein' handled wid kid gloves compared to wot dey give me yesterday. Dis was up in wan o' dem dentist joints. Dey don't do nottin' to a mark dat falls in dere. Y' see, I got a bum toot' fer de last week an' yesterday mornin' I wake



up t'inkin' somebody's wallopin' me in the jaw wid a sledge hammer.

"I stalls round fer a half a day wid it, coppin' booze an' everyt'ing' else t' try t' make meself t'ink it ain't achin'. Wan guy in a drug store gimme somet'in' t' shove up in de toot' an' near poisoned me.

"I finally tears to a toot'-jerkin' joint. Now I'd sooner get a wallop in de nose at any stage den to let a guy pull a toot', so you kin see dat it had me goin', er I never'd stood fer to have it jerked. Well, up I goes in de joint, an' you talk 'bout bein' handled! I was handled to de queen's taste.

"T'ree er four guys an' a couple o' ladies all git to me an' be de time dey're troo dey had me t'inkin' dat I didn't have a good toot' in me jaw. Accordin' to dem I'd have t' have t'ree er four new ones an' a half a dozen more o' dem plugged up an' a few o' dem filed an' de hull o' dem scraped er I wouldn't have no teet' at all in a year.

"'Dat'll be all right,' says I; 'just grab dat bum one dat's hurtin' me an' den I'll talk wid you.' Den in comes a guy wid a squirt-gun full o' dope like dey shoot into dem race-horses dat's got a bum gam, and he shoots it into me jaw. He's t'rowin' de bull into me at de same time—dat I won't know wot's comin' off wid dat dope in me. Den in comes a little guy dat don't weigh ninety pounds. He's got a pair o' tongs in his mitt as big as himself. I t'ink at first dat he's de valley fer de first guy, er somet'in', but he just grabs me by de jaw an' jerks me mout' open an' rubbers at dat bum toot' like he's de whole t'ing an' I'm a wooden Indian. Den he goes at me. He grabs me by de ear an' gets a holt on me toot' wid his tongs. Den he wallops me in de jaw a couple o' times wid his left, an' den he tries t' gouge me lamp out wid de heel of his mitt and jabs me in de t'roat every once in awhile fer a change. He

finally gets a strangle holt on me neck wid his arm an' a half-Nelson on de toot' wid de tongs an' den dere's a rasslin' match fer a minute er two fer yer life. But he had his holt an' he had me down, an' dat's all dere was to it. W'en he finally let me up after he gets de toot' he t'rows dat con smile at me an' says: 'Now, it didn't hurt you none, did it?'

"You talk about a guy bein' handled from soup to nuts! Dey get a sucker up dere, t'row de bull con into him, break him, near murder him, an' den give him a couple o' hot-backs an' send him away t'inkin' dey're de best-fellers in de world. Dem guys an' de doctors has got me cheated w'en it comes to handlin' a mark right.

"Well, I s'pose we got to choke t' deat' cause you got money? Huh? Certainly! I knowed all de time you was me pal. Step dis way once more, gen'lmen!"

THE BARKEEP TALKS OF HIS BICYCLE.



AIN'T nottin' to it. I'm going t' start in dat road race an', on de square, I don't see how I kin lose."

These remarks were addressed by the barkeep to the gang in the place the other evening just as he was about to start out for a short spin on his wheel.

"You'll do bully in dat road race!" responded the pup. "W'y, der's some o' dem guys dey tell me dat's got dem race horses beat to deat'. You got a fine chance mixin' up wid dat mob.

"W'y, it ain't more'n a couple o' weeks since we seen you 'round here wid a bum lamp an' yer face beat up from not knowin' how t' ride yer bloomin' wheel. An' now yer talkin' 'bout buttin' in wid dem cracker-jacks. You're gettin' as daffy as most o' de rest o' dem bicycle riders. W'y, dey'll be some o' dem guys 'll be under de wire before you get it rightly t'roo yer nut dat de flag's dropped."

"Do you t'ink dey will? Five 'll get you ten any time you t'ink you kin pick a guy dat'll beat me home—just to show you how well I t'ink o' meself. W'y, I never got a line on meself till yesterday. Dey was a play come up w'ere I get a chance t' show me speed an' I just make wan

o' dem guys—wot d' you call dem, scorchers?—well, I just make wan o' dem guys look like a sellin'-plater, dat's all.

“But, say, tell me somet'in'. How do I look wid de reg'lar make-up on, anyhow? Dey're bad, I guess. Dat's a poor gam, huh? Wot's dat? If it wasn't fer me face I'd be a swell-lookin' guy? Wot's de matter wid me face? W'y, I got a girl dat's been ribbin' me up 'bout bein' good lookin' so strong dat I come near havin' me photograph took de odder day. Eider youse guys is bad judges of a good-lookin' guy er else de lady is shootin' de bull into me.



“DEM IS HOT ONES, AIN'T DEY?”

course, I'm stuck t' get out an' make a flash wid it. Well, I'm goin' down de boulyvard nice an' easy an' I'm rubberin' at dem checkered stockin's I got all de time. Dem is hot ones, ain't dey? I'm trying to pick out a guy dat's got me make-up beat w'en I sees a guy sprintin' by me dat I kinder t'ought I knowed. He's wan o' dem scorch-

“But I'm tellin' youse 'bout bein' a sprinter—no, a scorch-er, dat's right. Ye see, yesterday is de first day I got me bicycle make-up on, an', of

ers, an' he's goin' t'irty mile an hour, wid his back bent up like a scared cat an' his chin on de handle bar. I'm tryin' t' place him an' all of a suddent I makes him. He's a guy dat's owed me a case an' a half fer drinks fer t'ree months an' he's kep' out o' de joint ever since I stood fer de marker. 'Well,' I says t' meself, 'I'll just go after dat guy now, an' away I starts. Say, on de square, I never went so fast in me life, an' I never knowed I was dere so strong afore.

"W'y, I just made dat scorcher look like a dead one. He come back to me like a skate dat beats de flag comes back to a stake horse w'en dey're going 'round de far turn. Ev'ryt'ing would 'a been all right an' I'd 'a grabbed de guy inside of annoder block w'en I rubber 'round an' see wan o' dem park bulls tearin' after me on a big long-legged skate dat looked like de chances was he could go some. De bull is roarin' at me, an' de guy I'm after makes him at de same time. Y' see, dem coppers has deir orders t' grab all dem bicycle riders dat's goin' faster den wot dey're entitled to be de law, an' we was away over de limit.

"Well, I don't know wot t' do. If I stop it's t'irty to one I can't con de bull out of takin' me after leadin' him de chase I did, an' it was a pipe dat I couldn't stand fer no pinch. I'm wishin' de odder guy'd stop and gimme a chance to make me getaway w'en I see him cut across de boulyard an' tear down a side street. Dey ain't nothin' left fer me to do but to keep on de way I was an' de bull, me bein' de closest to him, he just keeps after me, see? 'Well,' I says to meself, 'de only t'ing dat'll make me stop is fer de bull to cut loose wid a cannon, an' if he ketches me on de square dat skate he's got'll t'ink he's been to de races.

"Den it was me an' him fer it, an', say, I just made him

look like a dog, dat's all. De only t'ing I'm leary 'bout is dat I'll run into some o' dem wagons, but I duck away from dem dat's in sight all right, an' de next time I rubber round I've about lost de bull altogedder. Den I duck around a couple o' blocks an' finally blow into a Dutchman's joint an' plant fer awhile. W'en I come out I'm all swelled up. Den I t'ink 'bout a guy dat handed me name in a week ago just fer a kid to de guy dat's framin' up de road race, but it'll go on de square now. I'm goin' t' start in de bloomin' race if I don't last a minute.

"An' between me an' you, if I was makin' a book on de race I wouldn't lay over a t'ousand to one dat I won't be one-two-t'ree. De only t'ing I'm leary of is me wind. I'm goin' out t' give meself an exercisin' gallop right now. I may not be able to beat some o' dem guys on de level dat's been ridin' t'ree or four years, but mebbe I kin out-general a few o' dem. Just leave it to me."

THE BARKEEP STARTS IN THE ROAD RACE.



I START in de road race? Does a hobo like his hops? Youse guys heard me say de odder day dat I was goin' to de post, didn't you? I should say I did start! Me start was swell, but me finish was on de bum."

These remarks emanated from the barkeep a night or two ago in response to a question from the seedy politician. The barkeep had just entered the place with a bandage around his head, a shade over one eye, and his left arm in a sling.

"W'ere did you finish?" ventured the pup, as he edged toward the door.

"Out in de country somew'eres. I dunno just w'ere it was. Me finish must 'a been a peach fer anybody dat was rubberin' at me."

"Wot's de matter—w'y didn't you go de route?"

"W'y didn't I go de route? Say, did ever you start a scrap dat you didn't finish? W'y, cert'nly you did. You was willin' enough to go de route, but you was stopped; ain't dat it, huh? Well, dat's just de way it was wid me. Dey stopped me an' stopped me plenty."

"Did you fall off yer w'eel?"

"Did I fall off me w'eel? You might as well ask a guy dat gets trowed out of a wagon by de railroad cars did he

fall out. Yes, I fell off me w'eel. Dat is, I blowed it somehow, but it was a case o' force."

"Well, w'y don't you cut loose an' tell us 'bout de bloomin' race?" asked the pup. "You was around here last week swellin' yerself up an' shootin' it inter de gang 'bout bein' a sprinter wid yer w'eel an' how you had de most o' dem bicycle-ridin' guys cheated, an' now we're stuck to find out wot was de matter dat you didn't beat

de bunch home an' hear you stall fer yerself 'bout w'y you wasn't one-two-t'ree-hundred at de finish. I told you how it'd be afore you went in, didn't I?"

"You told me —. If I didn't have dis bum mitt I'd fix you so's you wouldn't tell nobody nottin' de balance o' yer life. You're wise enough to pick out de right time to kid somebody. You better lay purty quiet

er I'll get you fer dis w'en you ain't lookin' fer it.

"T' tell youse guys de troot', I ain't stuck to do much spielin' dis ev'nin'. Me jaw feels like I had lose a p'litical argument in de Twenty-nint' ward. Well, I might as well be on de square wid youse guys 'bout de race. I'll tell you right now, dough, dat as fur as I went I was de champion o' de bunch.

"Y' see, I go to de post feelin' like a two-year-old an'



"AN' DAT WAS ME FINISH."

willin' t' take a French dat I'll be in at de finish fer a cut at some part o' de money. All I got on is me bathin' suit dat I use out to de beach in de summer, but I got a lot o' dem guys beat at dat. On account o' de guy dat framed up de race not knowin' nothin' 'bout me speed he puts me up near de front o' de bunch an' I'm t'inkin' how soft it's goin' to be fer me, w'en de starter drops de flag.

"Fer de first part o' de route I'm a stake-horse, an' it ain't no kid. I'm sprintin' down de road like I had grabbed some sucker's w'eel an' was makin' a hot-foot getaway wid it, an' I must 'a passed a dozen guys w'en I rubber round.

"An' dere you are, right dere. Dat rubberin' round was de cause of all me troubles. Did you ever see a guy on de street rubber round at a lady an' fall over his feet? Well, dat was me. Y' see, I'm t'inkin' how soft it's goin' t' be fer me t' trim all dem guys dat's in front o' me, an' den, o' course, I have to rubber round an' see if any o' dem guys dat is supposed to be cracker-jacks an' is carryin' de top weight in de handicap is comin' up behind me. An' dere you are.

"Dat rubberin' round was de startin' o' me finish. Y' see, w'ere we was ridin' ain't exac'y de same as one o' dem boulevards, an' w'en I rubber I blow de road.

"I don't know wot I did run into, but I land head first again' somet'in', an' w'en I finally come to I look like I'd been troo de Saint Loois cyclone. You talk about a guy bein' beat up! Say, I was in a fight onct wid t'ree Dutchmen an' every one o' dem wid a beer mallet er an ice-pick in his mitt, an' I was a good-lookin' guy w'en I come out o' de mix-up to wot I was las' Saturday.

"A guy dat seen me finish said dat I run over a log an' landed again' a tree like a billy goat again' a back fence wid a buck beer sign on it. Dey drags me an' me w'eel

over to a guy's house an' keeps me dere till I come to. Den I borry some clo'se from de guy an' hire annoder geezer to drive me home. De doc I got says he'll have me mitt fixed so I kin draw beer in a couple o' weeks.

"I guess dem boulevards 'll be purty good fer me an' me bicycle from dis time on, an' I don't care how many bulls dey got planted along de road t' stop dem scorchers. I won't bodder dem. Dat scorchin' goes fer anybody dat t'inks well of it. Have a drink?"

THE BARKEEP TELLS OF POLITICAL ARGUMENTS.



GUYS wid dem long silver an' gold arguments make me tired," remarked the barkeep the other evening as he reached for the policeman's bottle and invited the copper on the beat to join him.

"Phwat argumints is thim?" responded the guardian of the peace, pouring out a drink that brought forth a gentle remonstrance from the man behind the bar.

"What arguments? You ain't been asleep around here, have you? Why, dem arguments dat you hear every w'eres you go 'bout w'ich kind o' money is de best—de silver er de gold. I been listenin' to dem 'round here till I'm near daffy an ain't got no more idea right now wot de argument is den I had before I ever heard de first guy crack about it. On de square, I got an idea in me nut dat dis silver an' gold has got near all dem guys bug-house. Dey'll get togedder an' start an' argument an' den go along fer an hour an' a half widout sayin' nottin' at all dat a guy on de outside kin git Joseph to, an' dey'll work harder makin' deir spiel den if dey was tryin' to borry a ten-dollar note on a t'ree-dollar watch from some sucker.

"An' de blow-off is always de same. Neider wan o' dem ever wins de argument. Dey finish by wan o' dem

callin' de odder a swelled-up robbin' grab-all dat's stuck to see everybody in dis country but dem dat's got de goods starvin' t' deat' an' de odder wan tellin' de first guy dat he's crazy an' one o' dem anarchists an' dat be rights he ought to be tailin' up a red flag wid his pockets full o' dynamite bombs.

"It keeps me busy round here splittin' out fights after t'ings gets to a stage w're a spel ain't no good no more.

An' it's got business on de bum, too, it an' de coppers closin' us up every night. It used to be dat a gang'd get into a bar an' go along an' get mixed up in some kind of an everyday argument an' win it er lose it an' buy a drink onct in aw'ile. But dis here silver an' gold! W'y, der'll be a couple o' guys in a push start an argument about it an' de rest o' de gang'll get around an' rubberneck an' give dem a hand now an' agin an' de hull bunch o' dem look like dey have forgot dey was in

 "MORE'N EVER YOU DID."

a booze-joint at all. An' if dere happens to be an odder live guy er two agin de bar somew'eres dey'll have dem rubberneckin', too.

"I was t'inkin' o' havin' a guy frame up a sign fer me an' put on it: 'All dem gold an' silver talks is barred

in dis joint.' It might be a knock to de joint, but I got to do somet'in' purty soon if I don't want to land in Kankakee. W'y, say, here's wan dat's on de square:

"De odder night der's a big swell-lookin' guy comes in. de joint to get hisself a glass o' beer an' wile he's coppin' it in comes annoder guy.

"De two o' dem rubbers at each odder an' den trow out de glad mitt an' do everyt'ing but hug each odder, an' be de talk dey let loose of I get Joseph dat dey was old college chums togedder an' ain't had deir lamps on wan annoder in many a moon.

"Dey go along an' de bot' o' dem wants to talk at onct 'bout how dey uster frame up fer each odder in college wan way an' annoder an' how wan o' dem stole de odder one's girl an' dis an' dat, an' den dey get down to t'ings dat's comin' off nowadays an' finally wan o' dem springs de silver.

"Dat settled it. Wan o' dem was a gold guy an' de odder had a piece of a silver mine out west, an' o' course de big argument starts. I don't pay much attention to dem fer awile on account o' bein' sick o' listenin' to dem kind o' talks, an' I go up in front an' rubber out in de street. De first t'ing I know I hear somet'in' go zing! bang! an' I tear back in de joint an' dere's de two o' dem on de floor. I finally split dem out an' try to square t'ings up, but dey was no chance. Bot o' dem is on der dignity an' after dey brush derselves up a bit wan walks out de front door an' de odder out de side.

"But de funniest battle we had yet 'bout de gold an' silver come off last night. You know dat hobo dat hangs around here an' cleans up an' wan t'ing an' anodder fer de privilege o' swingin' on de lunch an' de booze onct in a wile? Well, he's settin' in here de odder night w'en in comes anodder hobo. Dis hobo's dere wid five, an'

I hand him a large one fer it. Der's a silver an' gold argument goin' on in de joint at de time, an' it ain't long before dis hobo butts in.

"Den de reg'lar hobo t'inks dat's his office to t'row de odder hobo out. He goes up an' hits him on de back an' tells him to screw. De odder hobo, o' course, makes a beef an' wants to know somet'in'. 'Wot d' you know 'bout silver an' gold, anyhow?' says de reg'lar hobo. 'More'n ever you did,' says de odder one, an' de first t'ing you know dey was mixed up togedder in de biggest argument in de joint. De gang kept dem goin' fer aw'ile, but de odder hobo could outtalk de reg'lar hobo an' de finish was de same as de rest o' dem—de bot' o' dem on de floor. De go was a mean one w'ile it lasted, but de reg'lar hobo had de odder one cheated a little w'en it come to a scrap, an' I finally had to split dem out to prevent trouble in de joint.

"I tell you, on de square, I'm goin' to do somet'in' round here afore long to flag dem gold an' silver arguments er it'll be me an' not dem guys 'll be bughouse. Have anodder drink."

THE BARKEEP AND THE PUP GET ARRESTED.

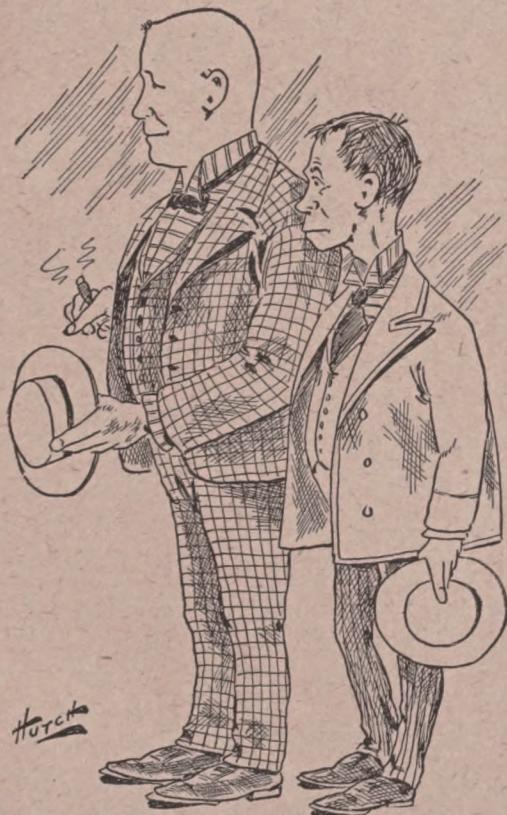


"YOU t'ink o' me bein' pinched fer a stick-up guy? Ain't dat a hot one?" asked the barkeep the other evening as he entered the place and reached under the back bar for his white vest.

"Chances are they had you right at that," remarked the seedy politician. "You're 'round here buyin' bicycles an' new clo'se an' everyt'ing. You're either out stickin' people up er else you're givin' dat register an awful game er—"

"You'll quit crackin' 'bout dat register er I'll t'row you out o' de joint," broke in the barkeep. "You're doin' purty good to be let stick around here an' get yer mitts in de lunch an' butt in wid a live one onct in a while. Yes, dat's on de square; we was pinched—me and de pup. You know de long guy an' de short guy dat's been buttin' into dem stores 'round town wid a cannon in each mitt an' stickin' up everybody in sight an' den friskin' de damper an' makin' a hot-foot wid de coin? Well, dem's de gazabos dey grabbed us fer. Y' see, I ain't workin' de odder evenin' on account o' me mitt not havin' rounded to from de bloomer I made in de road race, an', not havin' nothin' to do, me an' de pup goes out fer a little drill round de town. Well, along about ten o'clock in de

evenin' we're standin' on a street corner listenin' to a guy spielin' dat was sellin' somet'in' dat he said 'd cure a guy of anyt'ing he ever heard of, w'en I get a peek at a big guy standin' 'bout ten foot away an' rubberin' at us like we was a couple o' freaks dat had broke out of a dime museum.



"DEY T'OUGHT WE WAS DE LONG GUY AN' DE SHORT GUY."

"De way dat guy is t'rowin' his lamps at us,' I says to de pup, 'ud make a guy t'ink he was a copper. He might be an elbow at dat, but if he is he's a new one to me.' Just den I makes him. He's a big bull dat stands wid de harness on all day at one o' dem street crossin's an' keeps de truck horses an' cable cars from runnin' over people. Den I remembers 'bout a guy tellin' me dat dey was turnin' all de bulls downtown into citizen's - clo'se guys ev'ry night an'

makin' dem drill round town an' look fer stick-up guys an' burglars. Y' see, dis long guy an' dis short guy has got de main bulls over to de Central near daffy on account o' gettin' away wid everyt'ing dey've went after so fur an' dey'd purty near give der right eye if dey could snatch dem.

"Well, I'm tellin' de pup who de big guy is an' den o' course he has to start in an' kid him. 'Say, pal,' he says to me, crackin' so's de big bull kin hear him, 'we got to go over on de nort' side to-morrow night an' stick up dat joint dat I showed you. Der ain't nothin' short of a century in de damper an' a little bit of a girl fer de cashier dat looks like she'd croak sure if ever a guy trun a gat' into her mug. De gazabo dat owns de joint is a dyin'-lookin' guy an' de chances are he'll be willin' t' let us take all he's got in his joint out w'en he gets a flash o' dat noo cannon I got. De getaway is swell, too. De joint is right nex' to an alley dat a guy'd have his own troubles findin' his way t'roo in de daylight an' we can be over on de odder street an' on a rattler afore dey get rightly next dat dey been stuck up.' By dis time de big bull is up 'bout six foot from us an' I see dat de pup has got us into a jam by his kiddin', fer it's a brewery to a can o' beer dat de bull 'll grab us after de spiel he made. I kick him in de shins t' chop, but he never paid no 'tention t' me an' says, 'Say, remind me in de mornin' t' git some more o' dat grease-paint. I'm all out an' we got t' have it. I'll fix meself up dis time right. De gazabo we're goin' after over dere 'll t'ink dat a guy wid de smallpox has broke into his joint. I'm gettin' now so's I make a reg'lar actor look like a dog w'en it comes to paintin' pimples on me face.'

"Well, den it was all off an' no kid. De big bull jumped fer us like a hungry hobo fer a hand-out. He gets a half-Nelson on de pup an' near tears me coat off makin' sure he has a good holt on me. I'm afraid to bat me eye, fer I know he's liable to cut loose wid his forty-four if eider one of us makes a wrong move, t'inkin' he's got a couple o' desperate men, an' de pup he was scared t' deat'. De bull drags us over t' de station an' I was leery dat he'd

t'row us down in de booby-hatch an' not give us no chance to get out dat night, but he marches us in to de main bull. De pup t'ought sure he was goin' over de road fer de balance of his life, but I knowed dat everyt'ing was all right, fer I was 'quainted wid near all dem coppers on 'count o' dem droppin' in de joint onct in a while an' swingin' on me fer booze an' one t'ing anodder.

"Well, to cut it short, der was nottin' to it in de station. De main bull knowed me an' I tells him how de play come up an' he turns us loose. You couldn't blame de big bull at dat, an' I'll declare meself right now—an' it goes, too—dat from dis time on me an' de pup is split out an' dat's all der is to it. He goes fer anybody dat wants him. He kin rib up more trouble fer a guy in ten minutes den you kin square in six months. Come on an' have a drink."

SLIVER AND HIS PAL DISCUSS THE SITUATION.



“HELLO, SLIVER, how is it?” asked one young man of another, as they met at Dearborn and Monroe streets the other evening.

“Rotten!” responded the one addressed. “I ain’t had a guy down in a week.”

“De doose y’ say! Is it as tough as dat?”

“Tough? I should say it was tough!

It used to be softer to get hold of a dollar w’en a sucker had to go troo a blizzard in de middle o’ winter t’ git to de race track than it is now wid de sun on bot’ sides o’ de boulevard an’ now’eres else fer a mark to go. Where’d you come from? Just get to town?”

“Yes. Been down to Saint Loois. A guy’s got as much chance of gettin’ hold of any coin down there as a straw top-piece had in de cyclone. Ain’t you got no silver at all?”

“I got enough to buy two beers.”

“That’s purty good. You got me beat to death. Come on, I’ll steer you w’ere they got them poor ones.”

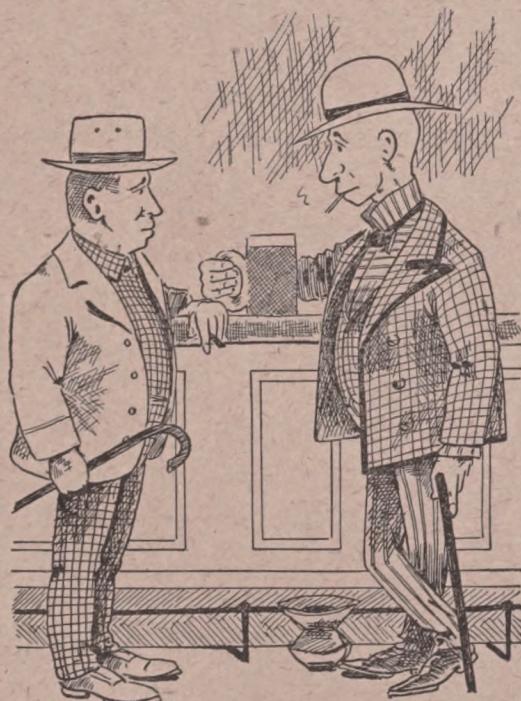
From the foregoing conversation the listener came to the conclusion that the speakers were race-track “touts.”

A few minutes later the two young men were in a base-

ment resort where the beer to be had for a nickel is generous as to quantity.

"Say," said the one who said he had come from St. Louis, "between me an' you I'm blowed if I don't think de graft's done. Everybody's educated, dat's all ther' is to it, an' suckers is as scarce as porterhouse steaks in a tough winter."

"Naw, dat ain't it," said the other. "I tell you dey ain't nobody got nottin'."



"DEY AIN'T NOBODY GOT NOTTIN', SEE?"

o' twenty-dollar gold pieces an' sell dem fer nineteen dollars apiece."

"Tain't only dat, but I'm tellin' you everybody's gettin' too wise," declared the man from St. Louis. "W'y, a sucker goes out dere nowadays fer as much as two weeks altogedder, blows his coin, an' from that time on he's a tout. W'y, them touts around the race tracks is toutin'

nobody got nottin'. Dere's just as many suckers as ever ther' was, but a guy'd need de X rays wid him to locate as much as twenty case in one bunch on any one mark's kick. You kin grab just as many suckers as ever you did, but a \$2 note looks as big to one o' dem now as two hundred used to t'ree er four years ago. W'y, a guy couldn't go out in dat bettin' ring wid his mitt full

each other these days. An' as fur as tryin' to get a live guy down! W'y, a guy'd have his own troubles gettin' a mark to take a French dat George Washington was dead. Don't talk to me! I tell you they're all gettin' too wise, an' dat's all ther' is to it. Every time you go at one wid de spiel he freezes up an' looks at you like he thought you was goin' to pick his pocket."

"Well, mebbe dey're gettin' wise, I dunno," said Sliver. "Wotever it is, I know a hull lot o' guys dat'll have t' pick out some new graft fer demselves purty soon. De nearest I come to havin' any coin in a week was to-day. You know that 3 to 5 trick in the third race? Well, wot d' you think of a guy that'd stand a tap on that one fer his own coin? Yes, that's wot I did. I get a five-case note fer my part after the first race an' beat th' one that win de second, an' then if I don't get crazy an' bet the works on the lead-pipe trick in the third I hope to be barred off de track to-morrow.

"I t'ought it was like findin' a little beer money, see? I must be gettin' an idea in me nut dat I know somet'in' about dem horses—I'll want to be a regular plunger de first t'ing I know. But I see you're dere wid yer summer front. You got me cheated. Straw lid an' everyt'ing, huh?"

"Yes, but I wouldn't 'a' had dat if I don't get busy in de car comin' up. Well, I got to blow you now. You're a lobster an' I do know a guy dat I used to be able to rib up an' take out once in a while. I'm goin' over t' drop in on him now an' tell him I just got in from 'Frisco wid a string o' horses. So long!"

THE BARKEEP VISITS THE ST. LOUIS CONVENTION.

“WOTS



DAT? W'ere was I? W'ere d' you s'pose all us swell politicians was dis week?” asked the barkeep a night or two after the St. Louis convention in answer to a shower of questions, as he entered the place and deposited a grip back of the bar.

“Down to Saint Loois, o' course! You don't t'ink I could leave dem pick outa guy t' run fer President widout me bein' dere t' rubber at dem anyhow, do you? I'll tell you how it was. You remember dat Muggins dat used t' be 'round here—dat bum prize-fighter? Well, he ain't nottin' but de hull t'ing in New York now. He's de head gazabo in a political club an' I b'lieve dey're goin' t' run him fer alderman from de Bowery de nex' 'lection.

“Well, him an' t'ree er four more o' dem New York guys was on der way to Saint Loois last Monday an' Muggins makes de bunch o' dem lay over here an' drop in an' see me. De finish o' de visit was dat nottin' 'ud do but dey must join me out an' drag me down t' Saint Loois wid dem. Dey got me full o' de white stuff er I'd 'a' balked at dat.

“Well, down we go, an' say, I'll tell you right now, dat politics—dere's a game dat's got all de rest o' dem beat

t' deat'. You talk 'bout dem guys t'rowin' de bull dat's 'round sellin' gold bricks an' green goods fer a livin' er trimmin' a mark anyway dey kin land him! Say, I see guys in dat bunch o' politicians dat was down dere dat just made everybody I ever see before look like a sellin'-plater w'en it come to dealin' de bunk widout no trim-

min's on it. Dem politicians kin do more jobbin' an' double-crossin' an' playin' bot' ends agin de middle in a half a day den a bunch o' trottin'-horse guys at a county fair kin in t'irty years.

"Oh, dey're bully, an' it ain't no kid! Dere'll be one o' dem guys from de country balk about somet'in' down dere, y' understandin', an' den one o' dem head politicians dat's a swell at his business 'll grab him, drag him over in de corner, t'row dat rush jolly into him, hand him a



MUGGINS RETURNS.

couple o' hot-backs, and round him to so quick dat it'd make a guy dat was steerin' fer de big mitt's head swim. If I could t'row a spel like dem guys I'd be round buyin' booze all de time instead o' sellin' it.

"I ain't nottin' only a race-horse guy w'en I'm down dere, too.

"Tell you de trut', I t'ink I got de pup er near any one else cheated w'en it comes to puttin' a mark down right. Y' see, me an' Muggins is drillin' down de street de nex' night after I get dere w'en we see a guy dat looked as if he just come from tailin' up a plow spielin' to a bunch o' guys in a joint 'bout how der hadn't oughter be nottin' else made only silver money. Muggins gets his lamps on him an' butts in wid de gang right off de jump.

"He leaves de old guy go 'long an' spiel a while an' den he t'rows him de glad-hand, drags him over to de bar, tells him he's a delegate from New York, an' dat he never did hear such a swell spiel on de gold an' silver argument afore in his life. 'De most o' de guys from New York is fer gold,' he says, 'but I'm blowed if I don't vote fer de silver after de talk you just made.'

"Well, you never see a guy warm up in your life like dat gazabo wid de w'iskers. Muggins could 'a bor-ried all de change he had widout no trouble at all, but I see dat he's framin' him up fer somet'in' else. De mark tells us dat he's de cousin o' some big guy among de poli-ticians from out in de mountains somew'eres, an' den Muggins gives me de office an' I go over an' Muggins tells de guy dat I'm a horse owner from Chicago. I tells de guy dat I got a part o' a couple o' silver mines out west an' de first t'ing you know me an' him is pals an' we're denouncin' dem bankers from Wall street fer a bunch o' murderin' robbers.

"Muggins kicks me in de shins to chop de money argu-ment, fer he knowed I'd be out in de deep in a minute, an' den I tell de guy dat I come down to Saint Loois to start a trick at de fair grounds an' dat der was no way fer me to lose.

"O' course de mark wants me to tip it off to him, an'

it was soft to frame it up an' take him out de nex' day. I sees a guy out to de track dat I knowed an' he tells me one dat he t'ought had a chance, an' I puts Mr. Silver Guy down to it staunch an' true.

"If I don't pick a winner fer him I hope dey'll take me license away to-morrow, an' me an' Muggins has plenty o' money de balance o' de week. You can't never tell 'bout dem guys. W'en I first see him I didn't t'ink dey was no more chance fer him to let loose of a ten-cent piece den dey was fer me t' jump over de Soudern Hotel."

"Well, you ain't told us who yer were wit' yet—de gold guys er de silver guys?" asked the seedy politician.

"I don't know nothin' 'bout dis gold money er dis silver money," responded the barkeep, as he tied on his apron. "I'm fer easy money. Dat's good enough fer me."

THE BARKEEP THINKS HE HAS "THE SNAKES."



"YOU ever see a cat wid a fit?" asked the barkeep of the copper on the beat the other morning about the time the rattle of the milk wagons was beginning to be heard on the street.

"Sure Oi seen a cat wid a fit. Yis, Oi'll have a little drop o' liquor. Phwat was y' askin' me fur—hav yez a cat round here wid de fits?"

"I had wan here de odder mornin' wid de fits good an' plenty," replied the barkeep, "but it had me out in de deep fer a long time tryin' t' find out whedder it was a cat wid de fits er me wid de snakes."

"I never had de Brooklyn boys in me life, but der was one stage durin' dis play de odder night dat I was makin' book wid meself an' not willin' to lay more'n wan to t'ree dat I hadn't finally landed on a bunch o' de blue monkeys.

"Y' see, it was like dis. De odder mornin' der ain't a guy in de joint but meself, an' I'm sittin' over agin de wall tryin' t' sleep off a bunch o' booze dat I had been t'rowin' into me all night along wid a few o' me p'litical fren's dat was visitin' me.

"I have a chair ag'in de front door an' de key o' de register in me kick an' I'm just to a stage wid de booze w'ere I'd 'a' climbed up de bar fixtures if I'd 'a' seen a

rat peekin' at me anyw'eres, but at de same time I'd 'a' give de long guy an' de short guy a game if dey'd 'a' walked into de joint wid a forty-four in each mitt an' der pockets full o' dynamite bombs.

"I t'ink I must 'a' went t' sleep, fer I wake up all of a sudden hearin' a sort of scratchin' noise over in de middle o' de floor.



"WIT' A BOTTLE AN' DE ICE-PICK."

an' on de square I was scared t' deat'. Finally de t'ing quits t'rowin' flip-flops an' it tears across de floor an' lands ag'in de ice-box like it's tryin' to jump t'roo it. Den it starts in ag'in doin' de highland fling wid a bit o' knock-about tumblin' trun in. Be dis time I'm on me feet an'

de sweat is pourin' off me like I was in a shower bat'. Den de t'ing starts tearin' acrost de floor again. Dis time it comes straight fer me chair, but be de time it got to it I'm up on top o' de bar wid a bottle in wan mitt an' de ice-pick in de odder an' willin' to sign de pledge t' drink nottin' but sody water de balance o' me life.

"Y' see, de bloomin' t'ing tore round de joint fer ten minutes an' tipped over a couple o' chairs an' run up ag'in de bar an' de wall like it was tryin' t' beat its brains out widout never once lettin' go of a squawk dat 'd put a guy wise to wot it is an' I t'ought sure I was finally dere wid de snakes. I was willin' t' hand any guy a ten-case note dat 'd come in de joint an' tell me he seen de same t'ing dat I did. Well, I t'rows near all de bottles dat I kin reach from de top o' de bar at de t'ing widout doin' nottin' more den waste a few gallons o' booze an' lemon juice an' ginger ale an' one t'ing annoder, an' I was to a stage w'ere I was startin' t' take to de woods an' leave de joint to de cat er wotever it was I seen w'en de front door opens an' me fren' de pup starts to come in. De cat starts fer de street at de same time.

"De pup sees it comin', an', on de square, I b'lieve he jumped six foot in de air, lettin' it go under him. Den de pup gets his lamps on me up on de bar wid de ice-pick an' a beer mallet an' he starts out o' de joint like he t'ought he had broke into a madhouse.

"Say, dis ain't no kid, right den was the happiest minute o' me life since de time dey let me out o' jail after dey had trun me in fer robbin' a pie wagon w'en I was a kid. I seen dat de pup had see de same t'ing I see an' I runs out on de street, ketches him, drags him back, and fer-gives him anyt'ing he ever done to me an' even stands fer it w'en he swung on me fer a case note.

"De pup says it was a cat run under him w'en he come

in de joint an' I took his word fer it. De nex' time I'm boozed on de late watch I'm goin' to hire a guy t' stick 'round de joint wid me. I wouldn't take annoder chance o' goin' daffy like dat fer a century note, an' I ain't got t'irty cents."

THE BARKEEP THINKS HE LOOKS LIKE A "MARK."



TELL me somet'in'. On de square, do I look like a sucker?"

The barkeep removed a cigar from his mouth as he asked the above question the other evening and gazed anxiously at the talent assembled in the place.

Grins of various proportions greeted the remark, and the seedy politician finally ventured: "What's the matter?

What makes you think you look like a sucker? Somebody been handing you a little o' the bunco again?"

"Been handin' it to me again! Dey don't never stop handin' it to me—er tryin' to hand it to me. Dat's wot's de matter."

Here the barkeep turned and surveyed himself long and carefully in the mirror.

"I had an idea in me nut, on de level, dat I was a kind o' half-wise-lookin' guy, anyhow," he said, "but from de way dey're comin' at me dere must be somet'in' about me mug dat'd make a guy t'ink he could turn me near any way he went after me. I been gettin' it so many ways dat I t'ink I'll have me folks fix de pockets o' me jeans so dey'll button up, fer fear dat I do stand fer a real hot one wan o' dem days an' start t' dig down in me kick fer de goods.

"On de square, dey been handin' me so many different kinds o' de bull con lately dat it's got me near daffy watchin' meself dat I don't fall again none of it an' let loose of any silver. I dunno whedder it's because I naturally look like an easy mark er whedder de game's gettin' so tough dat dem guys dat can't get a livin' no odder way only by dealin' de bunk fer it has got to swing on everybody dey butts into widout playin' no favorites. Dey got me so dat every time a guy comes in an' starts to let loose of a spiel dat sounds like he's tryin' to frame me up I feel like hittin' him a wallop in de jaw to stop de argument right off de reel. It takes too long t' tell dem guys dey're on a lobs-ter. But I know dat it wouldn't hardly do to be handin' anybody a beatin'round here dat didn't have it comin' to him. It'd be a case o' me an' dem guys over to de city hall takin' holts an' it's tough enough right now fer a guy dat's runnin' a booze joint t' get any favors handed to him widout takin' no chance o' puttin' hisself in bad repute be givin' de coppers de idea dat he's runnin' a rough house. I got to win about a fight a night round here de way it is to keep up me reputa-tion, er else dey'd be a few guys droppin' in here every evenin' an' wantin' to run de joint.

"W'y, I go out to de race track de odder day to put



"DO I LOOK LIKE A SUCKER?"

down a little change on wan dat I t'ought come to me purty near right, an', on de square, der must a' been t'irty touts get to me an' start off wid de spiel afore I'm on de track a half an hour. I'm framed up to kick de nex' guy in de shins dat cracks to me, fer y'see, it's got me near nutty t'inkin' wot a rummy-lookin' mark I must be anyhow, w'en somebody comes up behin' me, puts his mitt on me shoulder an' cracks into me ear somet'in' like dis: 'Say, me fren', kin you keep a secret? Step dis way!'

"I never rubber to see who it is at all, but I just come back wid de right mitt an' cop de guy a mean one below de belt. He leaves a roar out o' him dat near caused a riot in de bettin' ring, an' den I rubbers an' it ain't nobody but de pup. He's layin' on de floor huggin' hisself an' der's t'irty bulls got me in a minute an' goin' t' t'row me off'n de track. De pup comes to in time t' flag de bulls an' tell dem it's an accident, but I thought fer a minute be de way he'd blowed his wind dat he was willin' t' leave dem go t'roo wid it an' roust me sure' nuff. Me an' de pup goes along pals togedder after dat an' dey wasn't nobody boddered me no more. I don't know whedder de rest o' dem touts t'ought de pup had landed me er whedder dey t'ought I was a right guy on 'count o' bein' mixed up wid him.

"An' de finish come w'en I blows back to town in de evenin' an' finds wan o' dem papers dat tells me I got to go over an' serve on de jury. Wot d' you t'ink o' dat? Me on de jury! I'd be a hot one on a jury, hey? Wot's dat? How'll I square meself? I'll declare meself to de judge, dat's all. I'll tell him dat I never was down below meself on 'count o' bein' a square guy all me life. but dat I know a few o' me fr'ens dat was over de road an' I'll crack to him like dis: 'Mr. Judge,' I'll say, 'I

never was landed mesself, but I wouldn't send a guy to de stir if he was to croak t'irty people.' I guess de judge'll turn me loose wid dat kind of a spiel, hey?

"On de level, I'm goin' to get me a button like dem 16 to 1 guys wears, an' I'm goin' to have wrote on it somet'in' like dis: 'I won't stand fer none o' de bull con, no matter wot way you hand it to me.' I'm goin' to flash dat button to all dem guys dat comes in tryin' t' swing on me wan way an' anodder from dis time on, an' see if it won't flag dem afore dey go any furder. If I don't do somet'in' I'll be in de bughouse. Come on an' have a drink anyhow. I know yer all dead."

THE PUP GIVES THE BARKEEP THE "MARBLE HEART."



BARKEEP was evidently not in the best of humor. Something weighed heavily on his mind and the gang around the place was anxiously waiting for him to give vent to his pent-up feelings. He paced up and down behind the bar and savagely chewed on the end of a cigar.

Finally he could stand the pressure no longer and, waving the talent up to the bar, he slid the glasses along, brought up the policeman's bottle, and remarked: "Wot d' you t'ink o' dat guy, dat pup—ain't he bully?"

"Wot's de matter wid de pup now?" asked the seedy politician. "I t'ought you an' him was pals togedder since he saved you from havin' de snakes?"

"Pals! Say, dere's a guy, dat pup, dat'll lead me to commit murder some day, an' he's de gazabo 'll get croaked.

"Y' see, it's dis way. You know de day after he comes in de door w'en I t'ought I was dere wid de snakes? Well, he don't do nothin' only come in an' swing on me fer a two-case note so's he kin get on dat boat an' go up to Milwaukee de next day, w'ere dey was goin' to run de Derby. Wot do you t'ink o' dat? I guess I'd do right well handin' dem guys two-case notes 'round here. An'

de way he comes at me fer it—w'y you'd t'ink I owed him t'ree t'ousan' dollars fer comin' in de joint an' scarin' dat cat out. I do stand fer it w'en he swings on me fer a single de night before, like a sucker, but dat was just w'en I was roundin' to from bein' near daffy on account o'

t'inkin' I had de Brooklyn boys. Well, he's de sorest guy on top o' eart' w'en I tells him dat an empty up near de head end was purty good fer him to go to Milwaukee in, an' de finish o' de argument was dat I'd 'a trun him out o' de joint if he hadn't beat me to de door.

"Well, last night I'm in here an' it's hotter den a Turkish bat' house an' I'm chokin' t' deat'. I'm afraid to buy meself a drink on 'count o' bein' leary o' gettin' into bad habits.

"Well, just den up drives a swell lookin' carriage wid a guy wid

a pair o' white pants on up in front drivin'.

"Dis must be a live one, sure,' I says to meself, an' I'm tryin' t' t'ink who de guy kin be dat'd drop around to dis joint wid a front like dat w'en the door o' de rig opens an' out steps de pup.



"I GOT DE GOODS."

"He's all ablaze wid a new front from sody to hock, an' he cert'nly did look like he has all de coarse notes. He comes into de joint like he had de handlin' o' half de votes in de democratic convention an' walks up to de bar an' cracks like dis: 'Hey, barboy! Step dis way wid a bottle o' wine an' don't keep me waitin'.' I looks at him, t'inkin' he's kiddin', but he never bats his eye, an' a guy'd t'ink he never see de joint before. Well, I see dat he's dere wid a super an' I takes a chance an' hands him de wine, fram-in' everyt'ing up in case I have to do a hot foot after him fer de coin.

"I cert'nly t'ought he was goin' to ask me to split de bottle wid him, but he never notices me no more den I was a dog an' starts in to clean it up single-handed. Den I get kinder sore an' I got it all framed up how I'm goin' to just trow any kind of a note in de register dat he lays down an' ring it up, but all he comes in sight wid is a deuce.

"All de time he's rubberin' round de joint like dem swell guys does, an' he finally cleans up de wine an' says: 'Barboy, kin you inform me w'ich way is de Auditorium Hotel?"

"'I'll inform you if you don't hand me dat change you owe me dat you won't be able t' recognize de Auditorium w'en you do see it,' I says to him, but dat never feazed him at all.

"I'm sucker enough to let him edge over near de door, an' den he drags out a bunch o' coin dat'd choke a steer and cracks like dis: 'Me fren', use a little judgment w'en yer talkin' to a man wid money. I got de goods, d' you understand? But it's all in coarse currency an' I'm kinder scared t' change it. Dis looks to me like a rough house,' an' den he blows.

"Wot d' you t'ink o' dat? It'll be me an' dat guy to de floor some day an' it's Joe Patchen to a truck horse dat de grand jury'll have to settle de case w'en I'm t'roo wid him."

THE BARKEEP MEETS A FRIEND IN NEED.



"IT LOOKS to me like I was agin de nuts wotever way I make a move," remarked the barkeep the other evening to a race-track friend who had dropped in. "Was you ever dat way?"

"Yes, I'm that way right now. I'm up against a bum streak o' luck, so strong that it's enough to make a guy quit hustlin' an' go to drivin' a truck fer a livin'. I start off to-day wit' one up me sleeve that's a pipe in the first race an' I couldn't find a guy to put to it wit' counterfeit money.

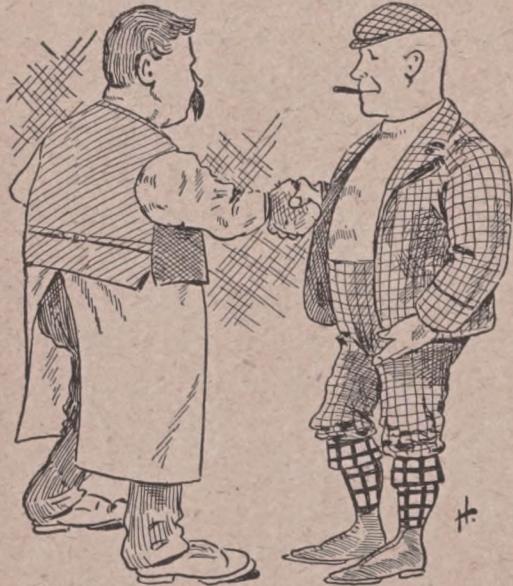
"The next race I get t'ree out of the five played an' wasn't one-two wit' a one o' dem. An' den——"

"Now nix. I can't stand fer none o' dem race-horse hoodoo tales, fer I know de most o' dem is stem-stories. I mean bein' agin a Jonah on de square. I got so lately dat I'm afraid to bat me eye at night fer fear dat somebody'll git to de damper, an' every time I go out on de street I got one lamp up in de air so dat a chimney er somethin' won't fall on me an' de odder seein' dat I don't get into no jam wid a mob o' dips. On de square, I'm gettin' as leary as wan o' dem guys wid de w'iskers dats down to St. Loois tellin' each odder how de country oughter be run, is w'en he gets his lamps on a striped shirt an' a checkered pair o' pants. Dey been rubberin'

in de picter-papers so long dat dey t'ink dat anybody wid dat make-up is dere wid a gold brick in wan mitt an' a bunch o' green-goods in de odder.

"I ain't had no luck since de guy handed me de bunk fer me mush an' me rain-coat. I'm out ridin' me bicycle last night, an', on de square, I was scared to go faster'n a dog kin trot fer fear I'd run over a toot'-pick er sometin' an' break me face agin de street. I do finally get a couple o' spokes broke be lettin' wan o' dem scorchers

run into me. I have to hand a guy in a repairin' joint a four-bit piece to fix dem up, but I'll bet de odder guy had to hand a doctor a five-case note to cure up de bum lamp I handed him just to show him dat I was a gentleman. After I'm framed up again I start off ridin' t'roo de park, w'en I see wan o' dem sparrow cops tearin' acrost



"HE GRABS ME BE DE MITT."

'de grass wid his club in his mitt an' roarin' like a mad bull.

"I rubber, o' course, to see wot he's after, an' turn me w'eel in de same direction so's to see de pinch w'en it comes off, an' den Mr. Cop roars all de worse. Dat scares up two er t'ree more bulls out o' de bushes, an' de hull bunch o' dem lams over to w'ere I'm ridin', like I was de long guy an' de short guy bot' togedder. Dey grab me off'n me w'eel an' after dey ketch der wind I

get it t'roo me nut dat I'm pinched on account o' me glim bein' out.

"De guy in de repairin' joint put de glim out w'en he was fixin' de spokes, an' I ain't got nut enough on me to t'ink to light it up again.

"Well, de bulls tells me to be over to de court in de mornin' an' drag a little coin wid me to pay me fine, an' den dey just grab de w'eel so's I'll be sure to show up. Dat's de new rules, dey tell me, an' I guess it's better den gettin' t'run in de boobyhatch at dat. Well, dere I am, an' de only t'ing I see to do is to go over an' grab a rattler fer downtown an' den look in de dream-book an' see if I can't do somethin' to change me luck.

"I start over to w'ere I kin get a rattler an' wile I'm waitin' fer wan to show I drop into a joint on de corner an' get a glass o' beer fer meself.

"Dere's a big guy back o' de bar an' he rubbers at me awful strong. I kinder t'ought I knowed his face at dat, but I'm de poorest guy in de world to remember a monaker an' so I didn't crack nottin' to him. After I cop me beer I step to de cigar-case in front an' get a rope. I light de rope an' den I dig down in me jeans fer de change I owe him. I go into one kick an' den de odder, an' I fall to it all of a suddent dat I didn't take no coin out o' me pants w'en I put on me bicycle suit. I frisk meself good so's to be sure I ain't dere an' all de time de big guy is rubberin' at me like he was willin' to jump over de bar an' go at me wid no holts barred if I didn't come to a flash with a little silver purty soon. I finally crack to him an' tell him how it is. Well, he don't bat his eye, but just starts out around de end o' de cigar counter.

"I don't know whedder to give him a battle er a foot race until I get a peek at his feet, an' den it was off. He

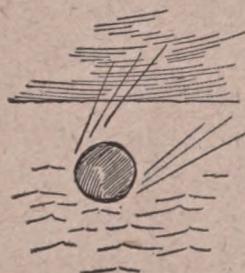
had on a pair o' shoes dat'd weigh ten pound apiece, an' I see dat I don't want no dealin's wid him in no go-as-you-please mix-up. I starts to tear out o' de joint, but de big guy hollers: 'Wot's de matter wid you—are you crazy? Don't you know me?' I stops an' rubbers at de guy an' he comes an' grabs me be de mitt an' cracks: 'You don't know me no more since I was on de force, huh?'

"Den I fall to it dat's he's a bull dat uster be on de beat w'ere I was tendin' bar 'bout t'ree years ago an' got t'run off der force fer bein' ketched sleepin' in de alley. I never see him afore widout de harness on, an' dat's w'y I ain't Joseph to him. 'W'y, ol' pal,' he says, 'you handed me a many a booze afore dis along in de mornin's w'en I'd be chokin' to deat', an' you kin go as fur as you wanter wid me wid er widout de price.'

"Well, t' cut it short, I find out dat he's de hull t'ing out in his end o' town since he opened up de booze-joint, an' I tell him 'bout bein' pinched an' he tells me he'll square it wid de judge in de mornin'. Dat's de first piece o' good luck I run up again since de pup gimme de marble heart w'en he was dere wid dat bunch o' coin, an' I b'lieve de hoodoo is broke. Me an' de ex-bull come near gettin' drunk togedder, an' he even wants me to go to slingin' beer fer him. But not fer me. Dem way-out joints goes fer dem dat t'ink well o' dem. Dis here drum is good enough fer me."

THE BARKEEP GOES SWIMMING.

“**HOW**



COME you an' de pup to make up again?" asked the seedy politician of the barkeep the other morning after things had quieted down and even the regular members had begun to yawn and think about going home. "I see you an' him talkin' togedder de other evenin' like you had been pals all yer life."

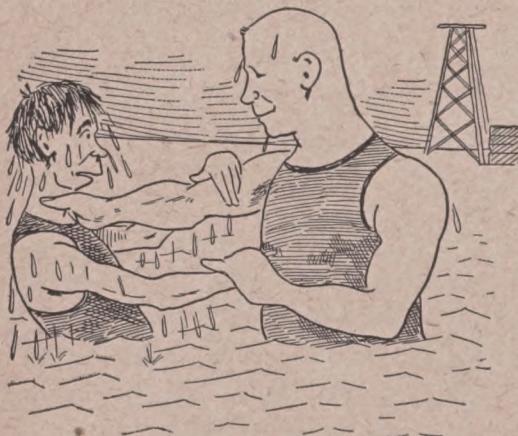
"Oh, de pup ain't no bad feller w'en you come to know him right. All he needs is a kick in de shins onct in a wile to keep him from ribbin' up trouble an' a wallop back o' de ear now an' again to make him quit t'inkin' he's all de loose change an' he'll go along purty good.

"I've had de wrong system wid dat guy. I been usin' him too well. He's wan o' dem guys dat needs to be abused to be kep' in line," and the barkeep helped himself from a bottle he brought up from under the back bar and handed the seedy politician a glass of beer.

"Y'see, I'm out to de beach las' Sunday wid a fren' o' mine. Me an' him goes out dere fer a ride on de lake, an' w'en we get out dere an' get a peek at dem guys in swimmin' we kinder get de itch to be wid dem an' get to t'inkin' o' de time w'en we uster give wan kid de job o' watchin' fer de coppers wile de rest o' us was seein' w'ich was de champion diver down along de docks.

"Well, he finally bluffs me to get a suit an' go in de water, an' I call him an' in we go. I go along fer aw'le findin' out wot I'd forgot about swimmin' an' kiddin' along de same as everybody else, an' I finally butt into a football game dey was playin' in de water. I get me mitts on de ball onct an' den o' course der's t'irty guys grab me to make me let loose of it. I'm willin' to let loose, but we was all in a jam togedder wid de ball in de middle of de bunch, an' I ain't got no chance to get away.

"Den wan guy loses his footin' an' de hull bunch o' us goes down togedder.



"I LED HIM A DOG'S LIFE."

me be de neck an' who do you t'ink it is? Nobody but de pup.

"He makes me at de same time, an' you'd oughter seen de stallin' he done to make me let loose o' him. Y'see, he don't know who he's grabbed w'en he's under de water, an' he's just takin' a chanct o' half drowndin' some guy so's he kin laugh at him w'en he's splutterin'.

"Take me in to de beach!" he hollers. 'I ain't used to bein' in de water an' I t'ought I was drownded, sure.' 'You ain't used to bein' in de water, huh?' I says, 'Well, you'll be used to it w'en I get t'roo wid you.'

"I just get a good holt on dat pup an' walk him out to w're de water is purty deep an' den I start in. You talk about a bunch o' kids drowndin' a cat slow an' easy—dat ain't a marker to de game I give de pup. I tell him 'bout de time w'en he uster swing on me fer two bits to eat wid, an' how he never slung me nottin' back w'en he did get hold o' de goods, an' den I shoved him under de water an' hold him dere, an' give him plenty o' time to t'ink o' his misdoin's. Den I bat him alongside o' de ear a time er two an' kinder remind him o' de time he come home from Milwaukee wid de goods an' come in de joint an' gimme de marble heart. Den I ask him how does de lake water taste alongside o' de wine, an' den I t'row him under again.

"On de square, I led dat guy a dog's life fer about a half an hour, an' finally I see him coughin' an' splutterin' an' tryin' to tell me somet'in'. I give him a couple o' hot backs so's he kin let loose o' some o' de water dat's in him, an' finally he gets so he kin talk to me. He promises me anyt'ing in de world if I'll leave him go, but I don't pay much 'tention to him, an' den he plays his last card an' tells me he's Joseph to w're a joint is w're a guy kin get a drink o' de booze.

"Y' see, dey ain't supposed to sell no booze out in dat end o' town, an' I t'ought a guy'd have to choke to deat' widout he was willin' to stand fer de soft stuff.

"De pup swears be everyt'in' you kin t'ink o' dat he ain't lyin' to me an' dat he kin show me dat he's dere if I'll let him get to his jeans. I take a chanct wid him, but I keep me mitts on him till we get to de bat'house w're his close was, an' den he shows me dat he is sure enough dere wid de password an' de papers dat'll get him inside o' de booze joint. He steers me to de place after awile

an' I make him let loose o' wot silver he's got. But I b'lieve I'd a-drowned him on de square if he hadn't 'a' knowed w'ere de booze joint was. An' dat's de only system I'm goin' to use wid dat guy after dis—abuse him like a dog. You got to do it to keep him in line."

THE BARKEEP VISITS A SUMMER RESORT.

"DIDN'T



NONE o' youse guys see de pup? Well, wot d' you t'ink o' dat!" exclaimed the barkeep the other evening as he entered the place and tossed a grip behind the bar.

"Well, wot d' you t'ink o' dat?" he repeated a moment later, shoving his hands deep into his pockets and pac-ing up and down in front of the bar.

The gang in the place saw that it was no time to break into the bar-keep's meditations, so they preserved a discreet silence and let things take their course.

Finally the barkeep stopped short in his perambula-tions, banged his fist down on the bar and roared: "I'll croak dat guy! Dat's all dere is to it—I'll croak him. An' it won't be wid no cannon, neider. I'll croak him be standin' him up agin de wall wid one mitt an' beatin' his face in wid de odder! An' don't none o' youse guys t'ink dis is a kid wid me, neider. If I ever get me mitts on dat guy again I'll beat him—beat him till his face is mixed up wid his brains! An' I ain't like a guy dat goes around an' makes dem kind o' talks widout goin' t'roo wid dem, neider," and the barkeep savagely bit off the end of a fresh cigar and kicked at a stray cat that had wandered in.

Finally the seedy politician summoned courage enough to ask: "Wot's the matter that you come back so soon? I thought you was goin' to stay up there a couple o' weeks."

"Stay up dere a couple o' — — — ! Well, I might as well tell youse guys wot come off, anyhow. You know last Monday I gets a letter from a guy I knowed dat's

got a part o' one o' dem summer joints up in de country. Well, it's in de letter w're it's de swell-est fishin' in de world up dere an' about it bein' de only place on eart' fer a guy to lay off dat's been coppin' de booze purty strong an' wan t'ing an' annoder, an' de spiel gets me stuck. I tell de boss I'm goin' to lay off fer a couple o' weeks an' go out somew'eres an' let de wind blow over me, an' I write to me fren' up in de country dat I'll be wid him de nex' day. I'm sucker enough to

Horch
put the pup Joseph to wot I'm goin' to do an' he starts right off an' makes de strongest talk in de world to butt himself in. Well, he had been hustlin' purty hard an' he was dere wid quite a little bunch o' de coin an' I finally tells him he kin go 'long wid me if he'll promise to behave hisself like a gentleman oughter.

"I borry one o' dem poor fishin' rods dat you kin un-



"I'M ALL ABLAZE."

couple and couple up again from a guy down de street, an' I put dem bad clo'se I got from de tailor shop de odder day in me grip, an' me an' de pup gits on de rattler. I have even fell fer a new lid an' a pair o' de patten' led-ders, so's I kin frame up a front dat 'll be able to go along wid any kind of a push dat me fren' kin butt me in wid up dere, an' I was kiddin' meself 'bout wot a swell time we was goin' to have.

"Well, we get up to w're me fren's joint is, an', on de square, it was all right. Dere was nottin' to do but lay around an' sleep yer head off an' founder yerself eatin' an' go out on de lake in de daytime an' leave de sun shine on you wile yer waitin' fer a fish to see wot's on yer hook.

"Everyt'ing goes along all right fer a couple o' days, an' den de nex' day me fren' tells me dat he wants to take me acrost de lake dat ev'nin' to annoder hotel w're dere was goin' to be a blow-out."

"Cert'ly," I says, an' I guess I framed meself up poor. I'm all ablaze wid me new front from sody to hock an' I t'ink I'm about de swellest-lookin' t'ing dat's been paradin' around in dat part o' de country fer a many a day.

"I see de pup is kinder sore w'en we don't ask him to butt in, but he never bats his eye.

"Well, along comes de pup in de afternoon an' says: 'Let's go fishin'.' 'Not wid dis front,' I says. 'Dat's all right,' he says. 'You kin set in de back o' de boat an' I'll do de work. Well, I t'ink I might as well, an' out we go. I see de pup ain't dere wid no close on more'n de law allows, but he tells me de wedder is so hot he don't want to wear no more den he has to an' I don't t'ink nottin' about it. He takes me way out on de lake, an' den wot d'you s'pose dat guy done?"

"He gets up in de boat, widout battin' his eye, jumps on de side of it, an' over she goes!

"W'en I come up an' coughed up some o' de water dat was in me de boat is a half a block wan way an' de pup is furder dan dat de odder way an' headin' fer de shore. I ain't no unhandy guy in de water, but I'll tell youse guys I had me own troubles gettin' to dat boat an' w'en I did grab it all I could do was lay on it an' holler.

"It's t'ree hours after dat afore a guy finally makes me from de shore an' comes out an' fetches me in. I go to de joint we was stoppin' at ready to do murder, but de pup has blowed. He just cleans up all de change an' cigars an' wan t'ing an' annoder he kin find in de room, an' even gets a bottle o' booze dat I have planted an' don't t'ink he's Joseph to. Der ain't nothin' fer me to do but hop a rattler an' come on back home, an' back I come.

"Now, if youse guys don't want me to have to answer fer croakin' a guy you tell dat pup to keep away from me. It's sure all off wid me an' him now an' no chance fer a square-up. He's broke his plate wid me."

THE BARKEEP TALKS OF THE HARD TIMES.



COPPER on the beat dropped into the place through the side door about two o'clock the other morning and found the barkeep dozing in a chair over in one corner.

Otherwise the place was deserted. The barkeep sat up, stretched himself, yawned, and gazed sleepily at the copper.

"Hello, dere, pal," he remarked, as he got up lazily and dug his knuckles into his eyes on his way behind the bar. He reached mechanically for the policeman's bottle and a glass and placed them on the bar and was trying to make up his mind what to take himself when the guardian of the peace interrupted him with: "You'll hev t' do a bit betther thin that, me boy."

"Wot's de matter?"

"Dthis bottle's phwat thim race thrack fellys calls a dead wan."

The barkeep seized the bottle, blinked at it and replied:

"Dat's right. Dat shows you de way de graft is. De copper's bottle is allus de first one dat gets emptied in de joint. Dem's about de only kind o' people dat's wettin' a glass 'round here lately, anyhow—dem bulls dat comes in an' swings on me fer a drink. I t'ink I'll close de

drum purty soon if dem guys over to the city hall don't gimme de office afore long dat I kin go along an' do business after 12 o'clock de same as I allus done.

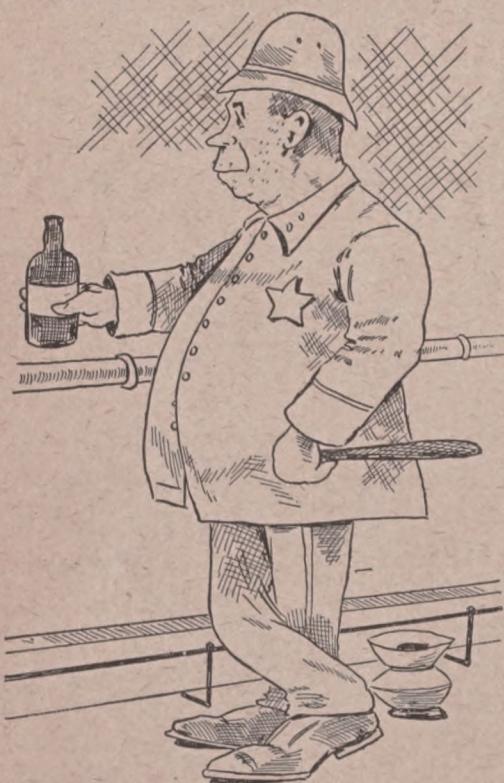
"I got de joint open at dat, but I'm takin' a long chance an' I wouldn't do it if I didn't know der was a right guy on de beat," and the barkeep reached for a box of "ropes" and invited the copper to help himself. Then

he examined the tags on several jugs under the bar, picked out one and proceeded to fill the policeman's bottle.

"I t'ink I'll put a bit o' de knockout in dis bottle wan o' dem days," continued the barkeep. "I'll pick out a day right after de coppers gets paid an' just hand every bull dat drops in a chunk dat'll make him t'ink he's agin somet'in' worse den de trial board. I got so many members o' de Pinch an' Rap club droppin' in

"DTHIS BOTTLE'S A DEAD WAN."

on mean'handin' me de glad hand every day dat I ought to be able to clean up quite a bunch o' change in a few hours' time. Den I could slough de joint an' take to de woods. Wot d' you t'ink 'bout it? Hey! I'll tell you wot I'll do. Me an' you'll frame t'ings up an' you go out an' do de steerin' an' I'll stick in de joint an' hand de bulls de knock-out an' do de friskin'. You kin grab every bull



dat you see dat you t'ink is dere wid anyt'ing better den a case note an' drag him in here to buy him a drink an' leave me to do de cleanin' up. Den after de stuff is off you'll be a purty good stout guy t' get away wid de dead ones. We kin fill up a couple o' dem wine rooms full o' bulls an' leave dem come to de best way dey kin. Den we kin cut up wot come off an' screw, bum, screw. Wot d' you t'ink about it?"

"Oi wouldn't put it past yez at dat," replied the officer. "Oi t'ink Oi'll shtep over an' see th' Dutchman phin Oi want a bit av a drink afther dis. Yez might fergit who yer friends is wan o' them days an' give me some o' dat shtuff yer tellin' me about. Anyhow, dat shtuff yez have in them bottles lately 'd pizen a man dat didn't have a hearty constitootion."

"Poison you, huh? Dat's de way wid all youse dead wans—beef about de booze you get. If you'd come in an' slap down fifteen onct in awhile like a gentleman I might hand you somet'in' dat ain't quite so fierce.

"But, say, was I tellin' you about me an' de pup makin' up again? Yes, me an' him is pals onct more. Wot's dat? Did he come back to de joint? I should say nit. I butt into him on de outside."

"How did he shquare hisself?" asked the copper.

"Well, I'll tell you de way de play come up. De odder night I take a lay-off on 'count o' bein' mixed up doorin' de afternoon wid a bunch of gentlemen dat I knowed an' gettin' a bit of a package aboard fer meself. I'm out drillin' 'round an' spendin' a little silver wid me fren's an' I finally drop into a joint over on de nort' side. Me an' me pal back o' de bar is havin' a little sociable drink, w'en I rubber in de glass an' who do I make but de pup standin' down to de end o' de bar. He's talkin' to a couple o' guys an' he's got his back to w'ere I am. I'm

figurin' whedder to take a wallop at him in de joint er whedder to shoot de bull into him till I kin get him outside wid me an' den near murder him, w'en I hear him crack dat he's been down in de country to dem trottin' meetin's fer a couple o' weeks an' dat he's back wid de goods.

"Dat settled it. Dat was like flashin' a red shirt to a Durham bull. He's dere wid de goods after t'rowin' me in de lake an' spoilin' me swell clo'se!

"I'm just startin' to go at him widout de gloves, t'row him down an' take wot he's got away from him an' den beat de livin' life out o' him, w'en he rubbers round an' makes me.

"Dat was de office fer me to start an' I starts. Wot d'you s'pose de pup done? Take to de woods? Naw, he didn't have no time to take to de woods. He digs down in his jeans, drags up a bunch o' coin, t'rows bot' mitts in de air an' backs over again de wall an' hollers: 'Nix, pal! I know I done you dirt up in de country, an' I was just on me way over to de joint to settle wid you. Here, cop dis coin!'

"Dere was as much chance fer you to come over an' settle wid me as dey is fer me to jump over de Masonic Temple,' I says, grabbin' de coin out of his mitt; 'now dig down an' gimme de rest o' wot you got.'

"De pup makes an awful squawk, but I just stand him up in de corner an' clean him up good. I oughter walloped him in de jaw besides, but he talks hisself out o' it. De finish was dat me an' him joins out togedder, an' we had a poor night, I guess. He's been round de joint two er t'ree times since an' he allus has a little silver wid him, so I t'ink he must 'a' been out wid a plant some'eres de odder night w'en I got to him.

"But you kin gamble dat every time he comes in de

joint now I got bot' lamps on him all de time, fer it's a brewery to a can o' beer dat dat pup's got his nut busy all de time framin' up some way to get back at me. Have annoder little drink an' don't forgit to tell de big bull over to de station dat you found a padlock on bot' doors an' a guy on de outside seein' dat dey was nobody be no chance broke in to get a drink."

THE BARKEEP TELLS OF A SHOOTING MATCH.

“DID



YOU hear 'bout de gun-play dat come off in here de odder night?" asked the barkeep of a friend who had dropped in.

"Wot's dat? Was dey anybody shot? No, dere wasn't nobody shot on account o' de gun-play not bein' on de square, but dere was wan guy come closer to dyin' wid de scrabbled heart den ever you see in yer life, an' dey was a few more gazabos round

here dat lose a few days' growt' an' tipped deir mitt 'bout wot dey'd do if a play come up dat was on de level. Not speakin' o' de furniture dat was broke up wile people was makin' deir getaway. Split a bottle o' beer wid me?

"I'll tell you 'bout de shootin' match. Y'see, de hull t'ing is ribbed up be de pup an' de results was dat it come near puttin' de joint on de bum. I ain't sure dat everyt'ing is squared at dat, an' I'm kinder lookin' every day fer a letter from de main bull over to headquarters tellin' me dat I got to quit runnin' a rough house 'round here if I want to keep de paper up on de wall dat entitles me to sell de booze.

"De play come off just 'afore it come time to slough de joint de odder night, an' it was de blow-off of an argu-

ment dat 'd 'a had me daffy long 'afore de finish if I hadn't 'a kep' swingin' on de booze party reg'lar.

"Y'see, dere's a big guy drops in de joint early in de evenin' an' he gets butted in wid some o' de gang round here an' he goes along an' spends his silver party good. If he ain't dere wid de goods an' lettin' loose of it I couldn't 'a stood fer him at all, fer he was de gabbyest guy you ever see in yer life, an' swelled up on hisself at dat. He tells us he come from Boston, an' accordin'

to him dere wasn't a game dat you could mention dat dem guys dat lives in Boston didn't have dem guys dat lives out in dis part o' de country cheated at. Him an' dat bum politician dat hangs 'round here finally winds up again' de bar in de awfulest argument ever you heard.

"I t'ink it started off 'bout w'en it was dat dem guys down in Boston trun de tea in

de lake, er somet'in', an' den it went from whedder de gang 'round Clark street wouldn't 'a' done de same t'ing if de boat dat was loaded wid de tea had 'a' backed up into de Chicago river—that is, s'posin' dem days was now—to de silver an' de gold, an' finally it winds up at fightin'.

"Dey talks 'bout all de fighters dere is er ever was, an' de politician don't have none de worst o' de argument



"DE PUP CUTS LOOSE WID IT."

at dat, fer w'en he gets warmed up he kin t'row a spiel out o' him dat'd make a lot o' suckers stand an' rubber—an' dat ain't no kid. De argument finally gets around to gun-fightin', an' den was w'en de guy from Boston makes his grand spiel. He declares hisself dat dere never was no gun-fighter dat ever he see dat ever could make him show de yeller streak.

"He tells us dat de way to stop all dem gun-fightin' guys is to t'row dis hypnotism dat you read 'bout in de papers into dem 'afore dey have a chance to cut loose. He talks 'bout havin' a brudder dat was onct de head guy on wan o' dem cattle ranches out west, an' 'bout how dis brudder had all dem gun-fightin' guys out in dat part o' de country walkin' pigeon-toed an' takin' off der hats to him w'en dey went by, widout him ever so much as havin' a mix-up.

"He was dere wid dis hypnotism, accordin' to dis Boston guy, an' he had all dem guys groggy de minute he t'run his lamp at dem.

"De politician nor none o' de rest o' de gang wouldn't stand fer de talk de Boston guy made an' he was kinder gettin' insulted an' looked like he was ready to make a battle, w'en who comes in but de pup.

"I been lettin' de pup stick round de joint since I cleaned him up dat time, but I been flaggin' him de minute I see him startin' to rib anyt'ing up dat looks like it's goin' to finish in a battle. Dis night I'm tellin' you 'bout, dough, I'm feelin' purty good meself on 'count o' bein' to copsville purty reg'lar wid de booze an' I do a little ribbin' up meself. I been listenin' to de Boston guy's talk 'bout how he'd stall off gun-fighters till I'm wishin', on de square, dat somebody 'd come out wid a cannon, on de level, so's I'd see wot kind o' a move he'd make, an' so w'en I see de pup come in I calls him over

to de end o' de bar afore he has a chance to butt in wid de argument, an' me an' him starts to do a bit o' framin' up.

"I take dat big cannon dat I have planted all de time down under de back bar an' I empty de cartridges out o' it. Den I dig up a box o' blanks dat I knowed was back o' de bar. De boss gets dem somew'eres onct an' I never did know wot he wanted wid dem.

"I loads up de cannon an' I hands it to de pup an' puts him Joseph to wot de argument is an' wot kind o' a play I want him to make. Den I goes to w'ere de gun-fightin' argument is goin' on an' I cracks like dis: 'Cheese,' I says, 'youse guys see dat feller dat just come in? Well, dat's de toughest guy in dis end o' town an' a gun-fighter from de head o' de stretch. He's boozed, too, an' I wouldn't advise youse gentlemen to crack too loud 'bout wot you'd do wid gun-fighters.'

"De Boston guy's just got booze enough in him to get swelled up w'en I makes me talk, an' he says: 'Never mind. I ain't afraid o' him nor his gun.' Den I give de pup de office an' he butts in an' says: 'Wot's dat? You ain't afraid o' whose gun? Who're you, anyhow? If you bat yer eye to me I'll pump a hole t'roo you, see?"

"De Boston guy turns kinder yeller round de gills, but he starts makin' a few daffy moves wid his mitts in front o' de pup, an' den de pup says: 'Wot's de matter wid you? Keep yer mitts out o' me face.'

"De Boston guy keeps on wid his moves an' de pup comes out wid de cannon an' t'rows it up under de big guy's nose an' lets her go.

"'Whang!' she goes, an' de Boston guy rose right up on his tip-toes, an' I t'ought his lamps was goin' to fall out o' his head.

"'Whang!' de pup lets her go again, an' you'd oughter seen dat big guy take to de woods! De side door is open

'bout a foot an' he loosens de top hinge an' splits wan o' de panels goin' t'roo it. Dere's a big long guy wid a Prince Albert coat on dat was sittin' over be a table again de wall, an' w'en de Boston guy starts to screw he was wid him. He tips over all de tables an' chairs in de joint makin' his getaway, an' he come near beatin' de Boston guy to de door at dat. Dere's two little long-haired guys standin' at de bar. Wan o' dem faints dead away w'en de first shot was fired, an' de odder breaks a couple o' dozen glasses tryin' to get down behind de bar. T'ree er four more guys dat was playin' seven-up in de back o' de joint gets jammed in de door togedder tryin' to get out, an' de pup lays down on de floor from laffin'.

"After everybody has took to de woods but me an' de pup an' de politician an' a couple more o' de reg'lar members we get to t'inkin' o' wot's goin' to be de come-back, an' den's w'en de pup done de only wise t'ing I ever see him do in me life.

"It's a pipe, y'see, dat some o' dem bulls 'round here hears de cannon, an' we got to have somet'in' to stall de first one dat comes rubberin'. De pup tears round back o' de cigar case an' digs up a cannon cracker dat I forgot all about dat's been planted dere ever since de Fourt' o' July, an' he lights it up.

"Be dis time dere's a bunch o' rubbernecks on de outside o' de joint, an' finally de bull on de beat breaks in wid his club in wan mitt an' his cannon in de odder an' lookin' like he was expectin' t' see a few dead men layin' 'round. W'en he gets inside de door de pup sneaks up an' t'rows de cannon cracker on de floor right behin' him. I'm tellin' him dat dey was a few daffy guys come in de joint an' set off a couple o' cannon crackers afore I kin flag dem, an' den I says: 'Look out! dere's annoder wan.'

"De bull rubbers 'round an' 'whang!' off she goes. Dat bull jumps near t'irty feet an' lands up on top of a table an' w'en he come to an' see de gang laffin' he's goin' to pinch me an' every one in de joint fer havin' a rough house.

"A drink o' booze er two an' a rope an' a couple o' hot backs squares him all right, dough, an' he goes out an' near beats wan guy to deat' dat was rubberin' an' didn't hear him tell him t' move on.

"Wot's dat? Yes, de pup has been gettin' purty sassy 'round here de last couple o' days. He says if I don't treat him purty nice he'll tip it off to de bull on de beat 'bout how I'm framin' up to scare me customers to' deat'. I'll hand him wan on de jaw wan o' dem days dat'll fix him so's he can't tell nobody nottin' fer aw'ile. But he ain't a bad feller at dat, if you don't let him get off in de lead too fur. If you do he'll lead you a merry chase. Let's split annoder bottle."

THE BARKEEP AND THE PUP VISIT A GERMAN PICNIC.



YOUSE guys hear 'bout me winnin' de foot race?" asked the barkeep the other evening after everybody but the "dead ones" had left.

"Wot's dat? Didn't know dat I was a sprinter? W'y, I'm de champion o' de world any time I kin get ag'in a guy dat'll stand fer me to frame up de way de foot race has got to be run. Dis one was de hottest ever come off.

"Y'see, it's last Sunday, an' me an' me fren' de pup is out to a Dutch picnic. I dunno how I ever come to stand fer bein' steered ag'in a Dutch picnic anyhow, but at dat I'd be willin' to take annoder chance ag'in de same game just onct more fer luck. We didn't book no losin' at dis one, fer we hadn't let loose o' much more den a single apiece an' we was bot' dere wid about as much beer aboard as a guy is entitled to carry w'en he's away from his own stampin'-grounds, an' de pup has about win out a girl fer hisself, w'en de play comes up dat finishes in de foot race bein' framed up. After de race we're ten pictures to de good, not sayin' nottin' about a keg o' beer dat we didn't exac'ly t'ink it was a wise move to go back after.

"Wot's dat—wot's pictures? W'y, ain't you seen dem

noo case-notes dat's around dat look like an oil paintin'? Dem's pictures. Dat is, dat's wot dem race-horse guys an' odder gen'lmen dat's uster huntin' easy money calls dem.

"I might as well tell youse guys how de hull play come up.

"Y'see, last Sunday is a swell day, an' I'm downtown wid nottin' to do, so I join de pup out an' we go car-riding. We go out as fur as de rattler runs an' den we blow, an' I see a hull bunch o' Dutch blow at de same time an' head across de prairie.

'Dere's a Dutch picnic, sure,' says de pup; 'let's tail dem up. A guy can't never tell wot's goin' to come off, an' it's near a cinch dat we kin butt into a beer-patch somew'eres, anyhow.'

"'All right,' I says, an' we joins out wid de Dutch

"De picnic is over in de woods 'bout half a mile

away, an', on de square, it was all right. I butt into t'ree er four guys dat I knowed from downtown, an' de first t'ing I know me an' de pup is mixed up wid a lot o' de Dutch all in a bunch togedder like Brown's cows, an' de beer comin' 'bout as fast as dey kin drag it in to us an' never an argument er a word out o' de way.

"Y' see, dem Dutch picnics ain't like an Irish picnic,



"DE DUTCHMAN NEVER RUBBERS AT ALL."

w'ere a guy is liable to get a poke in de eye er a wallop back o' de ear wid a beer glass at purty near any stage o' de game. Well, we go 'long wid a little short silver, an' we're doin' bully w'en de foot-races an' de jumpin'-matches an' wan t'ing annoder starts up. Me an' de pup is rubberin' at dem Dutch breakin' der necks tryin' to win a pair o' \$2 shoes er a box o' bum cigars, w'en dey ring de bell fer de final grand foot race o' de day, w'ere nobody but de members o' de club dat was givin' de picnic is allowed to start, an' de first guy under de wire gets a \$4 pair o' pants an' a medal dat declares him to be de champion o' de picnic.

"Dere's wan big Dutchman in de race dat a guy wouldn't t'ink had no more chance to win den an ice wagon has to beat a trolley car, but he was de boy dat was first at de finish. He could get over more ground in less time den any big guy ever I see afore, but you could see after dey handed him his tin medal dat dey was nobody t'ought no better of his sprintin' abilities den he did hisself. He wouldn't hardly speak to nobody, an' he looked like he t'ought he was entitled to more attention den wan o' dem guys dat's runnin' fer President.

"Right den is w'en de pup starts to frame up to trim him at his own game. 'Will you run a foot race wid dat guy if I kin get him to bet any coin on himself?' says de pup.

"'Me run a foot race?' I says. 'I'd do right well runnin' a foot race. I wouldn't run from here to w'ere de band is fer a twenty-case note. I'd 'bout drop dead on de route.'

"'You won't have to run ten foot,' says de pup. 'Leave it to me.'

"Den he goes over to de Dutchman, an' I don't know wot kind o' a game o' talk he gives him, but it ain't long

afore he has him over to me an' willin' to bet any part of a ten-case note dat he kin beat me sprintin' fer any distance dat I kin mention.

"Well," de pup says, "I'll tell you wot we'll do. You see dem two trees over dere?" pointin' to a couple dat stood 'bout a quarter of a mile over on de prairie an' near dat fur apart. "Well," says de pup, "dat'll make a good race—from here round dem two trees an' back, but to prevent any trippin' er anyt'ing like dat wan o' yez kin go wan way an' de odder kin go de odder. De two o' yez kin pass each other goin' up de back stretch an' dat'll fix it so's der won't be no chance fer interferin' wid each odder at no part o' de route."

"All right," says de Dutchman, an' he digs down fer his ten. Den he wants to bet me a keg o' beer, too, an' I says all right.

"We makes de pup de stakeholder, an' de Dutchman don't t'ink nottin' wrong. I t'rows me coat an' vest to de pup an' rolls up me pants an' de pup gives us de word.

"De Dutchman tears across de prairie fer his tree like he was makin' a getaway from a mob dat wanted to string him up, an' he never rubbers around at all.

"I run about twenty foot de way I was to go an' den I turns an' grabs me clo'se an' me an' de pup heads across de prairie fer w're de nearest rattler starts from. We was goin' wan way an' de Dutchman de odder, an' be de time he rounds his tree we're on de odder side o' de woods. I b'lieve I'll take de pup wid me an' drop out to annoder Dutch picnic some Sunday. Dey ain't so bad."

"Well, I guess that sticks you, don't it?" remarked the seedy politician, and the gang proceeded to line up to the bar.

THE BARKEEP GOES HUNTING.

“**DER**



AIN’T nottin’ to it; I’m de champion hunter o’ de world.”

The barkeep came into the place a night or two ago, tossed a grip back of the cigar case and waved the gang in the place up to the bar. He was attired in an old suit of clothes and a sweater and there was a week’s growth of beard on his face.

“You’re th’ champion hunter o’ the world?” said the seedy politician.

“Huntin’ wot—the booze?”

“Naw, not huntin’ de booze! D’ you s’pose a guy dat’s jerkin’ beer fer a livin’ is goin’ t’ lay off fer a week to go huntin’ de booze? I been huntin’ on de level, but I ain’t stuck on de game. Dem guys dat’s been swellin’ it up to me round here kin have it. But I’m de champion hunter o’ de world at dat.”

“How’s dat?” asked the seedy politician.

“Just dis way,” replied the barkeep, as he helped himself to a cigar out of the case and asked his boss for a match; “dere’s been a-many an’ a-many a guy huntin’ de pup in his day, but I’m de first wan dat ever winged him.”

“Winged him? Wot d’ you mean—took a shot at him?”

“He ain’t hurt very bad,” returned the barkeep. “Dere’s a few dat went t’roo de war dat he’s got beat, anyhow,

Dey got him out to de hospital, an' de wise guy wid de whiskers dat kinder looked him over w'en we fetched him in tells me dat de worst he'll have is a bum gam fer a couple o' mont's. But I don't care if he croaks at dat. He t'rowed a scare into me worse'n de time w'en I t'ought I was dere wid de snakes. Let's have annoder drink an' I'll tell youse guys how de play come up.

"Y' see, dere's a little fat guy dat comes round here

dat's been ribbin' me up all de summer t' go out huntin' wid him w'en de time come in de fall. He's been crackin' to me 'bout how swell a game it is t' shoot dem prairie chickens an' dem ducks an' how a guy lands at some farmer's joint in de evenin', after drillin' acrost de prairie an' t'roo de woods all day, ready t' cut into a chunk o' raw

Horch
"I DO A REG'LAR INDIAN CREEP."

meat if he can't get nottin' else, an' den how poor it is to' put yer feet under de table and clean up a bunch o' dem chickens an' ducks an' rabbits, an' wan t'ing an' annoder, till he finally gets me ribbed up t' goin' out wid him fer a week an' take a chance at it.

"Well, de little guy is dere wid de goods an' he's willin' t' go along an' do de settlin' an' las' week I shoot it into de boss here how I'll drag him back a bunch o' rabbits an' ducks an' wan t'ing an' annoder dat'll keep his folks till Christmas an' he tells me I kin lay off fer a week



er two. Wile I'm squarin' de old man wot d' you s'pose de pup done? He gets to de little guy an' tells him dat he was raised on a ranch an' is de swellest hunter in de world. I don't know w're he learns de spiel, but he's dere good an' strong wid all de huntin' talk ever you heard about, an' he must a' trun an awful bunch into de little guy, fur he finally cons him into joinin' him out too. I'm willin' t' balk, but I t'ink I might knock de hull game if I do, an' so I don't bat me eye.

"Well, de t'ree of us gets on a rattler las' week an' goes out t' w're dis guy says de swell huntin' is. De little guy don't do nothin' only drag a tent an' a bunch o' blankets an' wan t'ing an' annoder wid him, an' he slips a farmer a little coin t' leave him put it up in a patch o' woods back o' de farmhouse. De nex' day de t'ree of us starts out. I got a gun de little guy gimme dat weighs t'irty pounds an' de pup is dere wid wan as long as hisself.

"I won't stand fer de pup t' walk nowheres but in front o' me, an' we go 'long purty good widout no arguments.

"De little guy leads us a merry chase. He's near as wide as he is long, but he can drill over more prairie in wan day den I want to drill over de balance o' me life. He's got a couple o' dogs wid him, an' doorin' de day he cops out a half a dozen o' dem prairie chickens. I cut loose at dem meself a few times, but I might as well 'a been shootin' at de moon. De best de pup kin do is t' near take de tail off'n wan o' de dogs, an' de little guy has t' chase de dog near t'ree mile afore he kin ketch him again.

"Well, we finally blow back t' de farmer's joint an' I'm ready t' cut in an' eat a hull sheep, wool an' all. De farmer's wife balks at cookin' de chickens, an' de best we get is cold corned beef. I been eatin' corn beef off an' on near all me life, but I'm so near starvin' t' deat' dis time

dat I t'ought I was eatin' turkey w'en I first cut into it. Well, we go along fer a few days an' I never did hit nottin', an' neider did de pup. I finally go t' bed wan night an' tell de little guy I'm goin' t' blow back t' town in de mornin'.

"Along 'bout t'ree o'clock in de mornin' I wake up an' t'ink I hear somet'in' growlin' on de outside o' de tent. I lay dere aw'ile an' den I get up an' t'row on me clo'se an' grab me gun.

"Y' see, I t'ink it's a bear, an' I says to meself: 'If I kin ever cop out a bear I'll be so fur off in de lead on de huntin' trip dat dem guys never will git to me.'

"I rubber out o' de tent an' de growlin' is comin' from behind a bunch o' bushes along 'bout t'irty foot away. I do a reg'lar Indian creep over t' w'ere it is an' I see some-t'in' dat I t'ink sure is a bear on de odder side o' de bush.

"I take me time wid me gun an' den I cut loose.

"De bear gets up on his hind feet an' tears around yellin' like a Comanche Indian. I'm about to cut loose again w'en I hear de bear holler 'murder!' an' 'p'leece!' an' a few odder t'ings, an' de little guy runs out o' de tent wid nottin' much on him an' den de two o' us runs an' grabs de bear—an' it ain't nobody but de pup. He's dere wid a bear skin dat de farmer had nailed up on his barn, tied around him, an' he finally tells us after me t'reatenin' t' take annoder shot at him dat he's all framed up t' t'row de scare into me good an' plenty an' den blow back home an' tell de gang about it.

"I never notice dat de pup's blowed w'en I go out o' de tent er I'd 'a knowed it was no bear. Well, de shootin' wakes up de farmer, an' his wife an' dey fix up de pup's gam w'ere I winged him de best dey kin an' dis mornin' we take him back t' town an' put him in de hospital. It's good enough fer him, anyhow. I oughter knowed better

in de first place den t' stand fer him bein' joined out. It was a pipe he'd rib up some trouble afore he was t'roo. Dere's wan t'ing de pup kin be t'ankful fer de balance o' his life, an' dat is dat it was me an' not de little guy dat was shootin' at him. Let's get annoder drink."

THE BARKEEP GETS ARRESTED.



"YOU t'ink o' me bein' pinched fer a burglar?" asked the barkeep a night or two ago, as he walked back of the bar an hour later than he usually appeared.

"Well, dey finally got you right, huh?" responded the pup, as he limped with the aid of a cane over toward a chair. "I allus t'ought you was dere wid some odder graft den——"

"Say, lemme tell you somet'in', Mr. Wise Guy," broke in the barkeep, stoppin' in his search for a clean apron to glare at the pup; "you'll take off dem kiddin' clo'se o' yours w'en you're 'round here er you'll get t'run out o' de joint. You're doin' purty well 'round here, you are, an' don't get de idea in yer nut dat yer entitled to de kiddin' privileges 'round dis joint 'cause you're dere wid a bum gam an' nobody kin get back at you.

"I t'ink you must have yerself kidded dat you got somet'in' on me since I happened to plug wan into yer gam be mistake. I s'pose you'll be flashin' dat bum gam to me an' swingin' on me fer two-bits all winter, huh? I wisht I'd 'a croaked you, an' it ain't no pipe dat I don't croak you anyhow afore de winter's over if you don't be purty nice 'round here."

"Aw, you're de same as a hull lot more guys—stuck t'

kid somebody all de time an' can't stand fer it yerself," replied the pup. "But wot's dat you was crackin' 'bout—bein' pinched fer a burglar?"

"Yes, an' dat ain't no stem spiel, neider. Wait till I get a little booze under me belt an' I'll tell youse about it. I just broke out o' jail."

"Broke out o' jail?" came in chorus from the gang as they lined up and joined the barkeep; "den it was a pinch an' no kid, huh?"

"I should say it was no kid. If youse guys had 'a seen dem bulls t'row me in de wagon wid de bracelets on an' t'ree er four o' dem coppers havin' holts on me like dey t'ought I was de long guy broke out again you wouldn't t'ink it was a kid, neider.

"Y' see, las' night de graft is on de bum an' I get sore an'

slough de joint 'bout wan o'clock an' git on a rattler an' go over t' see a fren' o' mine dat's tendin' bar in a joint way over on de west side. I ain't seen him fer a long time an' I have an idea in me nut dat he's into me fer about a two-case note, so I just t'ink I'll drop over an' see him.

"Well, I get over dere an' business is de same wid him as it is wid me, barrin' wan guy dat's in de joint an' is



"OVER INTO DE NEX' LOT."

willin' t' let loose o' a little change if he kin get somebody t' pay a little 'tention to him wile he's spielin' de silver an' de gold argument. Well, I stick around awile an' drink up a bit o' booze an' w'en I blow it's long 'bout 2:30 in de mornin'.

"You got t' walk a couple o' blocks from dis guy's joint afore you kin git a rattler, an' de streets is purty dark. I ain't no more den out o' de joint w'en I see a couple o' husky-lookin' guys mopin' along 'bout half a block away de way I was goin'. I'm kind o' leary o' being stuck up—not on 'count o' being overloaded wid de goods, but I don't want to take no chance o' gettin' a beatin' fer meself—so I duck over on de odder side o' de street. I drill along a little ways an' de two guys on de odder side sees me comin' an' dey cuts across in front o' me. 'Dis is a stick-up, sure,' I says t' meself, an' I don't know wheder t' tear back t' me fren's joint er duck down de alley to de nex' street.

"Well, I drill along slow till I come to de alley, an' den I says t' meself, 'I'll just fool youse guys,' an' I duck down de alley on a hot-foot.

"I ain't gone fur w'en, 'Whang!' I hear somebody cut loose wid a cannon behin' me. 'Well, wot d' you t'ink o' dat?' I says t' meself, 'dem guys is a couple o' rough members sure. Dey're sore 'cause I do me duckaway an' dey t'ink dey'll just take a shot at me anyhow.'

"Well, I keep a tearin' down de alley w'en, 'Whang! Whang! Whang!' goes a cannon behin' me, an' I near fell dead wid de scrabbled heart.

"I rubber, an' de two guys I seen on de street is tearin' down de alley after me, an' just den it come into me nut dat dey was coppers. 'Well,' I says t' meself, 'if dey're bulls it's too late now t' stop an' tell dem I'm on de square, an' if I stick in de alley dey'll croak me.' Just den I come to

a kinder low fence an' over I go an' tear t'roo some guy's back yard.

"Y' see, I ain't so stuck t' git away, but I am stuck t' put er fence er two between me an' dem cannons. Well, I blow over annoder fence an' land down into annoder guy's yard. I'm tearin' acrost de yard w'en I get a peek at a dog headin' fer me dat looked t' me t' be 'bout six foot high. I'm near all out, but it's a case o' whedder I get to de next fence er de dog gets to me first, an' I win by a nose.

"I t'ink I'm all right w'en I blow over de fence, but dat was me finish. I land wid bot' feet on de top of a guy dat's layin' planted in de grass in de nex' yard, an' afore I know wot's comin' off me an' him is mixed up in a go-as-you-please wrasslin' match, wid no holts barred.

"I've blowed 'bout all me wind, but dis is a little guy I fell on an' I finally t'row him down.

"'Well,' he says, 'you got me an' I guess I'll have t' stand fer a pinch.' 'Stand fer a pinch?' I says. 'I ain't no copper. I'm just makin' a getaway from a couple o' bulls er a couple o' murderers, I don't know w'ich.'

"'De doose you say,' says de little guy; 'dem guys dat was chasin' you was coppers, an' dey was about lookin' fer me an' me pal. Y' see, de bull on de beat up in de nex' block ketches me an' de guy I'm workin' wid comin' out of a windy wid de goods on us 'bout half an hour ago, an' we have t' give him a foot-race t' git away. I git in here an' I t'ink it's a purty good place t' plant fer aw'ile till dem coppers gets off de streets. I don't know w'ere me pal blowed to, but I t'ought it was all off wid him w'en I heard dem cannons goin' off.'

"Just den we hear de bulls gettin' over into de nex' yard an' de little guy says, 'Come on, screw!'

"'You screw an' I'll stick an' stand fer a pinch,' I says, an' de little guy took to de woods.

"W'en de coppers starts t' get over de fence I declare meself an' tell dem not to shoot. De two dat was after me has a couple o' bulls wid de harness on wid dem be dis time an' de four o' dem grabs me an' drags me out in de alley. Dey frisk me fer a cannon an' I tell dem how I come to tear down de alley, but dey won't stand fer it.

"'Aw, quit yer kiddin', dey says, an' dey t'row me in de wagon an' take me t' wan o' dem stations over dere an' t'row me downstairs. De chief bull he comes down an' he gimme de laugh w'en I tell him who I am. Dey won't lemme send out nor nottin', an' I'm beginnin' t' t'ink I'm goin' t' lay in jail fer a week, w'en down comes a wise guy from de central dat dey sent out dere to look me over.

"He makes me right off de jump on 'count o' havin' dropped in de joint a few times an' swung on me fer de booze an' wan t'ing an' annoder, an' everyt'ing is all right. He tells dem bulls over dere dat I ain't no burglar an' dey turn me loose. Ain't dat a hot one? If it'd 'a' been dat I was in a strange town an' de same play come up dey'd about sent me over de road de balance o' me life. Dem burglars kin have deir graft—I don't want no part o' it. Layin' over dere in dat booby-hatch has shot de scare into me good an' plenty. Come on an' have annoder drink."

THE BARKEEP TELLS ABOUT THE IRON MAN.



"W'ERE DID you get de bum mitt?" asked the seedy politician of the barkeep the other evening, as the drink mixer entered the place where he usually officiated with the fingers of one hand bandaged up and the other one in a sling.

"W'ere did I get de bum mitt?" repeated the barkeep, as the gang gathered around him, "w'ich bum mitt d' you mean? Bot' o' me mitts is on de bum an' one o' me wings is broke—dat is, I'm willin' t' lay a little even money dat it's broke, al-dough de doc dat looked it over is tryin' t' t'row de bull con into me dat it ain't. Wot's dat? Did I fall off'n a rattler? Not me! Did you ever see a picter of a billy goat buttin' up agin a stone wall? Well, dat was me."

"Wot's de matter wid you—did you have de snakes again?" ventured the politician.

"Naw, I didn't have no snakes. I'm de soberest guy in de world at de time an' I'm jest tryin' t' keep up de reputa-tion o' de joint dat der ain't nobody kin come in here an' win a battle, dat's all."

"Oh, you had a battle wid a guy an' he trimmed you, huh? W'en did it come off?"

"I didn't get no trimmin' from nobody," returned the barkeep, who was growing a bit wrathy. "You don't see

nobody runnin' 'round loose dat kin come up in my joint an' gimme me trimmin's, do you? I just trimmed meself."

"Oh, you was fightin' wid yerself, huh?" asked one of the regular members.

"Fightin' wid meself! Wot d' you t'ink o' dat! I'm wonderin' half de time how some o' youse guys has got

nut enough t' keep out o' Kankakee. Wait a minute till we get a little drink an' den I'll tell youse guys how I come to put me mitts on de bum.

"Y' see," continued the barkeep, after he had cleared his throat, "it's somew'eres about two o'clock dismornin' an' der ain't nobody in de joint but me an' de pup. I've got a few under me belt an' I'm settin' back o' de bar wid de key o' de register in me kick an' a cannon layin' under de bar so's to be framed up in case a stick-up



"I HAND HIM A COUPLE O' PEACHES."

should come off. Y' see, dem chilly nights has got de boys dat get it de best way dey kin a bit scared an' a guy can't tell wot's goin' t' come off. De pup is asleep good an' plenty in de back room an' it looks like der ain't goin' to be annoder guy drop in de joint till mornin'. I'm about asleep altogedder w'en de door opens an' in comes

a little guy dat looks like a bull pup in de face. He comes up to de bar an' cracks 'bout like dis: 'Hey, you! Gimme a drink—see?'

"Cert'nly I'll give you a drink if yer dere wid de price," I says.

"Well, wot if I ain't dere wid de price?" says de little guy, reachin' fer de bottle like dis.

"You don't get no drink, dat's all," I says.

"You t'ink I won't?" he says; 'five 'll get you ten any time you t'ink dis guy won't get a drink wid er widout de price.'

"You won't get it in dis joint," I says, fer I'm gettin' kinder sore, an' I grab fer de bottle. Me an' him has each got a mitt on de bottle, an' I says: 'Now show me a little silver er let loose o' dat bottle. You been crackin' round here till I got an idea in me nut dat you're a dead one. Just come to a flash wid de price. I'm from Missouri, you got to show me.'

"I ain't got t' show nobody," he says, "you don't know who I am."

"I don't care who you are," I says, "an' if you don't let loose o' dat bottle I'll come over de bar an' beat yer head off."

"Yer crazy if you t'ink you'll beat my head off," says de little guy; 'dere's been people tryin' t' do dat all me life an' I ain't got no scars yet.' 'Den dere's a few comin' t' you,' I says, an' I hauls off an' soaks him wan in de jaw wid me odder mitt, an' den I goes over de bar after him.

"It was me and him in a battle sure enough, an' it was de toughest game I ever run agin in me life. We was fightin' near a half an hour an' dat guy never lands wan punch, but I'm de worst-licked guy at de finish ever you see.

"W'en I go over de bar he comes at me wid de bottle, but he ain't much more'n half as big as me an' it was soft stoppin' him. I just hand him wan wid de left between de eyes an' he straightens up like he run agin a brick wall.

"Den I take me time an' swing on him good wid de right. I cop him side o' de ear an' he lands head first again' de bar like he was t'rowed off'n a rattler going t'irty mile an hour. He blows de bottle w'en he lands again' de bar, an' I pick it up an' set it on de bar, fer, y' see, I t'ink it's a brewery to a can o' beer dat de guy won't come to fer a half an hour. I'm t'inkin' dat it was about as soft a battle as I had win in a many a day w'en I rubber an' dere's de guy gettin' up on his feet wid bot' mitts closed up an' ready an' willin' t' keep on goin'. 'Well, wot d' you t'ink o' dat?' I says t' meself, an' I just step over an swing bot' mitts on him as hard as I know how.

"Y' see, I'm dere wid all de reach an' everyt'ing else an' I kin land any time I want to. Well, down he goes, but he's up again in a minute. I rubber at him an' den walk up an' hit him annoder good poke an' down he goes again.

"Y' see, every time he goes down I'm willin' t' leave him get up if he kin, fer I don't want t' t'row de boots into him on account o' him bein' a little guy an' I don't want t' give him no chance t' take holts wid me, fer some o' dem little gazabos'd bodder anybody t' lick w'en onct dey get a holt on a guy.

"I t'ink it's a pipe dat I kin lick him wid me mitts, but after I've handed him a few wallops dat oughter put near anybody out an' he keeps comin' back all de time he cert'nly has me guessin'. Be dis time de battle has woke up de pup an' he comes out rubberin' t' see wot's de matter.

"Dere's de toughest guy t' lick I ever see in me life,'

I says to de pup, an' I hits Mr. Gazabo annoder one an' down he goes again. He's up an' comin' back again in a second like de pokes he was gettin' never boddered him at all, an' be dis time he's got me up in de air sure enough. I set me teet' an' go at him de bes' I know how.

"I swing wid bot' mitts an' his head hits de floor like a hod full o' bricks, an' den I t'ink sure it's all off. Up he gets an' all he's got t' show fer his beatin' is a little bit o' blood, an' you'd oughter see de pup rubber at him. I walk around de guy fer a minute an' I says t' meself, 'If you got so's you can't lick a little guy like dat you'd better t'row up yer job an' give some guy dat kin protect de joint a chance,' an' den I come out wid de left an' hand de guy a peach between de lamps an' knock him up agin de bar. 'Now's yer chance,' I says t' meself, an' I steady meself an' swing fer his jaw fer furder orders. I land wan dat oughter put a Durham bull t' sleep, an' I guess dat was de time I broke me arm. I hit de guy so hard I near broke de bar railin', but he just bounces back an' never falls down at all. Bot' o' me mitts is puffed up like a toy balloon be dis time an' de little guy ain't feazed a bit an' he's as full o' fight as he was off de jump.

"Well, I rubber at de guy, an' I don't know wot t' t'ink o' him, but I make up me mind dat I'll stop him if I have t' get de ax an' chop his head off. I tear back o' de bar an' grab an old club dat a guy leaves wid me one night an' tells me is a Zulu war club er somet'in' an' out I come wid dat. I kinder had an idea in me nut dat de little guy'd take to de woods w'en he got a peek at de club in me mitt, but it never boddered him at all. He comes at me de same as ever an' I get a chance in a minute an' I fetch dat club down on de top o' his nut like I was killin' a steer out to de stock yards.

"De little guy falls on his face an' I t'row de club on de

floor, t'inkin' der ain't nothin' more to it an' wonderin' if I've broke his skull, an' wot d' you s'pose dat guy done? He just rolls over an' jumps up like nothin' has happened an' puts up his dooks agin.

"Well, be dis time I t'ink I'm in a trance er somet'in', an' I don't know wot t' do wid de guy. I don't want t' t'row up me mitts an' declare him de winner, fer I know I'll have t'ree er four battles every night in de joint if it's ever tipped off dat I was licked in me own house.

"Well, w'ile I'm frammin' up wot way t' go at him next de guy starts fer me like a mad bull an' on account o' bot' o' me mitts bein' on de bum I grab him an' t'row him down. I get bot' me mitts on his t'roat an' I holler fer de pup t'hold his gams an' den I says t' de guy after I get me wind: 'If you don't quit I'll get de ice pick an' chop yer block off, an' dat ain't no pipe talk, neider.' Dat spiel never feazed de guy an' he keeps on tryin' t' get up.

"Den I says t' de pup, 'De best t'ing you kin do,' I says, 'is t' tear out an' get a copper an' t'row dis guy in jail. I don't want t' call on no coppers t' settle me troubles, but here's a guy dat's got me cheated.'

"As soon as I crack 'copper' de guy weakens an' he says: 'Say, mister, I'm all right. I'm a bit full o' de booze an' I don't mean no harm. I never done nothin' wrong an' I work fer me livin'. I'm de cast-iron man over to de museum.'

"Well, I looks at de pup an' de pup looks at me. Dere was a guy in de joint a couple o' nights afore dat was tellin' us about de cast-iron guy at de museum, dat kin break pavin' blocks wid his head an' bust chains wid his jaws an' chew up pig iron an' wan t'ing annoder. I look at de guy an' den I look at me mitts. I'm sore enough t' murder him, but on de square, I have t' laugh. I tell de guy if he'll go on about his business dat I'll leave him up

an' he's only too stuck t' get de chance t' get away wid-out bein' t'rowed in jail.

"After de guy has blowed I close de joint an' it costs me a single fer de pup, so's he'll keep his trap closed an' not tip it off to de gang, an' a five-case note fer de doc fer fixin' up me mitts an' me arm. Wot d' you t'ink o' dat? Me puttin' bot' o' me mitts on de bum fer de rest o' me life tryin', t' put out a guy wid an iron nut! Come on an' let's have annoder drink!"

THE PUP AS A "FOUR-FLUSHER."



BARKEEP was evidently in pretty good humor. "Dat pup, he's de champion o' de world w'en it comes t' four-flushin'," he remarked as he lit a fresh cigar and rested one elbow on the bar. "Yes, dat's on de square. I never see anybody yet dat he ain't got beat. He's a wonder, an' it ain't no kid."

"Four-flushin', huh?" remarked the seedy politician, "well, he'd oughter be purty good. He's been doin' nottin' but four-flushin' all his life. Wot's he been doin' now, handin' you de bull con again some way er odder?"

"Not me! He's got t' hand me somet'in' nobody never heard of afore an' it's got to be stronger den anyt'ing I ever had in me nut yet afore I'll stand fer any more o' de bunk from him. An' he knows it better'n anybody. He's got as much chance o' framin' me up again as a guy dat falls in de lake has o' comin' out widout wettin' his feet. No, not on yer life, he ain't trun none o' de bull con into me. He trun a four-flush into a guy de odder night, dough, dat'd 'a done yer heart good to got a peek at.

"Y' see, it's 'long purty late in de evenin' w'en in comes a big burly an' a little guy wid his hair parted in de middle an' a make-up on like he has just broke out of a clothin' store windy. De two o' dem goes along an' has a drink

er two an' I get Joseph be de spiel dey're lettin' loose of dat de burly has got de little guy on his staff an' is ribbin' him up fer furder orders. De burly keeps t'rowin' it into de little guy how he's de champion fighter o' de world w'en it comes to a go off de reel wid no holts barred, an'

he's tellin' him how he'd 'a been de champion on de square wid de gloves if he hadn't 'a butted into a bunch o' hard luck. Well, I kinder keep rubberin' at de two o' dem an' I see de little guy is wan o' dem geezers dat's stuck on fighters an' stuck t' be wid dem an' willin' to let loose o' der coin faster'n anybody fer de privilege o' spendin' it wid a guy dat's got a bit of a reputation fer bein' able t' go some. Well, de burly keeps handin' it to de little guy strong 'bout how he kin go hisself an' 'bout all de



"DE BIG GUY AN' DE LITTLE GUY."

fighters dat's his pals an' wan t'ing an' annoder an' de little guy is buyin' a drink every time de burly says he's t'irsty. De burly gets tellin' how onct he's in a joint w'ere der's a mob o' hoodlums abusin' an old guy wid w'ite w'iskers dat ain't got a fren' on eart' an' how t'ings gets to a stage w'ere de gang is about to go at de old guy

an' t'row him out in de alley an' den he jumps in an' licks de hull bunch single-handed an' den makes every one o' dem get down on der knees an' beg de old guy's pardon, an' de little guy stands fer it all an' buys annoder drink.

"De burly keeps shootin' dem kind into de little guy till he gimme a pain in de neck. W'en I first hear him crackin' 'bout bein' a fighter I t'ought maybe it was on de square, fer he's a big husky guy an' he looks like he'd oughter be able to go a bit. But he finally gets so gabby tellin' wot he kin do dat I weaken on him.

"I fergot t' tell youse guys dat de pup is sleepin' over again' de wall in a chair all t'roo de argument. He comes in de joint wid a swell package aboard early in de ev'nin' an' he falls asleep in de chair in about a minute. Well, de talk de burly's makin' about bein' a fighter finally wakes him up. He kinder squirms around fer a little wile an' den he sets up in de chair an' rubbers at de big guy fer a minute er two. De burly is tellin' a hot one just den 'bout how he meets two guys goin' home one dark night an' dey out wid a couple of cannons an' start t' stick him up, an' how he comes out wid one mitt an' cops wan guy on de jaw an' puts him out an' soaks de odder guy a'tween de lamps wid de odder mitt, causin' him t' blow his holt on his cannon, an' den how he went at de bot' o' dem an' beat de livin' life out o' dem an' left dem layin' in de ditch.

"W'y, you must be a fighter?" says de pup, kinder rubbin' his eyes out. De burly an' de little guy rounds an' rubbers at de pup, an' he says: 'Well, what are you rubberin' at? Say, Willie, who's dat big stiff you got wid you dat's kiddin' you dat he's a fighter?"

"I'll have you t' understand," says de little guy, 'dat

me fren's no stiff, an' if you insult eider one o' us he'll t'rash you.'

"'He'll do wot?' says de pup. 'W'y, dat big lobster couldn't lick a sick cat. I never see wan o' dem gabby guys dat was any 'count, anyhow. If eider o' youse guys bat yer eye t' me I'll get up an' clean up de joint wid de bot o' yez.'

"Well, de burly an' de little guy stands an' rubbers at de pup wid der mout' open.

"'You better look out fer dat guy,' I hollers to de burly; 'dere's de toughest guy in de world in a fight. He win a couple in here already to-night.'

"De burly looks at me an' I see he's wishin' he hadn't 'a woke de pup up.

"De pup jumps up an' he says, 'I guess I'll just take a funny punch at you anyhow,' an' he swings fer de burly an' misses him about four feet an' near fell down hisself. De burly jumps away over to de door an' de little guy takes to de woods altogedder.

"You better look out fer dat guy,' I hollers to de burly wile de pup is gettin' hisself square on his pins, 'he broke de las' guy's jaw dat he hit an' I don't want no dealin's wid him meself.'

"Well, de pup sees dat de burly is weakenin' an' he makes de awfullest four-flush you ever see. He sets his teet' an' closes up his mitts an' lets a roar out o' him like a mad bull an' starts fer de guy like he'd never quit till he had him beat t' deat'. De burly takes one peek at him comin' an' turns an' near breaks de door down gettin' t'roo it. I rubber out an' him an' de little guy is tearin' up de car tracks like dey was a couple o' dips makin' der getaway. All de pup does is to go set in de chair an' starts t' go t' sleep again.

"'Well, if you ain't a pippin,' I says. 'Wot would you

'a done if dat guy'd a started at you?' 'Der was no chanct,' he says, 'any time dey're dat gabby you kin gamble dey ain't dere w'en it comes to a stage w're dey got t' deliver de goods,' an' den he goes t' sleep.

"Oh, he's de champion, an' dat ain't no lie. If I was dere wid his four-flushin' abilities I'd be able to win a lot o' battles round here meself widout goin' to de trouble o' soakin' nobody. Let's have a little drink an' I'll charge it up to de pup. De first time he goes t' sleep I'll take it away from him."

THE PUP BREAKS UP A BICYCLE TRIP.



BARKEEP came in the place about the time he usually showed up to go to work the other evening with a perceptible limp in his walk and a couple of square inches of skin missing from his nose.

He was chewing the end of a cigar and he was evidently in no very good humor. He limped around back of the bar, followed by the questioning glances of the "gang" and, after carefully surveying his countenance in the mirror, remarked:

"Dat's too tough a mug t' go t' work wid, ain't it?"

"Naw, it's all right," replied one of the regular members; "wot did you do—fall out o' bed?"

"I fell furder an' faster an' lit harder den anybody ever y' see in yer life," returned the barkeep, as he ruefully scrutinized several small bruises scattered over his visage, "an' if I don't land in de mud dey have me over in de morgue right now, an' dat ain't no kid, neider."

"Wot did you do—fall out of a windy?"

"No, I didn't fall out o' no windy, but I done a fall off'n me wheel dat'd make wan o' dem circus guys dat jumps over elephants fer a livin' look like a sellin'-platser. An' lemme tell you somet'in'. Don't none o' youse guys lay more'n even money dat you'll ever put yer lamps on de pup again."

"De pup?" broke in the seedy politician. "Wot's de matter wid him—has he took t' de woods?"

"Naw, he ain't took t' de woods. He couldn't take to now'eres right now, er else dey got me way off wrong. He'll be purty lucky if he kin take t' de hospital. I don't t'ink it's much more'n even money dat he ain't layin' dead out dere."

"Out w're?" anxiously inquired several of the gang.

"Out w're I done me fall," answered the barkeep as he walked out from behind the bar and slowly rubbed his left knee. "Come on an' have a drink an' I'll tell you how de play come up. I t'ink I'll leave de boss work to-night. It'd have me daffy tellin' t'irty t'ousand guys dat I didn't get it handed to me in a battle if I stuck 'round here. Y' see, dis afternoon I get up early an' I don't know wot t' do wid meself. I come down to de joint an' der ain't nobody around but de pup an' de seedy politician chewin' de rag 'bout de silver an' de gold.

Dem silver an' gold arguments has got near everybody round de joint nutty. De politician he's fer de silver an' de pup he don't know wot he's fer. Any time de politician is around an' t'ings is quiet de pup is fer de gold just so's he kin frame up an' argument, but if der was a guy round dat was wid de silver dat had de goods an' was lettin' loose of it de pup'd be wid him. I t'ink de pup is de same as most anybody else. He's fer easy money an'



"DE PUP TAKES T' DE WOODS."

he don't care much wot way it comes as long as he kin buy de beer an' de beefsteaks wid it.

"Well, I see der ain't nothin' round de joint, an' on 'count of it' bein' a swell day I get de idea in me nut t' go over t' me fren's joint an' get me a bicycle an' go ridin'. I ain't been on a w'eel since de time I was pinched out sout' fer bein' a scorcher.

"I starts off an' de pup says: 'W'ere you goin'?' I tells him an' he wants t' join out wid me.

"'Wot d' you know 'bout ridin' a bicycle?' I says.

"'Dat'll be all right,' he says, 'you get a w'eel fer me an' it ain't no two to one dat I ain't got you beat.'

"Well, like a sucker, I joins him out an' we go over to me fren's joint w'ere dey teach guys t' ride, an' I get two w'eels. I makes de pup show me dat he's dere afore I rents a w'eel fer him. He gets on an' goes round de floor o' de joint a couple o' times purty good, an' I'm tryin' t' get it t'roo me nut w'ere he got Joseph how t' ride. I gets meself a purty good-lookin' kind o' a w'eel an' I gets de pup wan a guy couldn't break wid a sledge-hammer. Y'see, I don't know how de pup'll go on de road an' I don't want t' stand t' hand over no coin fer a w'eel dat he'd put on de bum.

"Well, we start out an' I see I got de pup beat t' deat' w'en it come t' ridin'. We go way out nort' an' finally we was out o' de town altogedder. Purty soon we get into an argument 'bout who is de best rider an' dat was de startin' o' de finish. We was w'ere der's a kind o' narrow piece o' road an' it's down hill for a ways. I says t' de pup, 'I'll bet you de beer at de nex' joint we come to dat I kin give you a start from here t' dat second tree an' beat you to dat yaller barn down de road.'

"'You're on,' says de pup, an' I'm ticklin' meself in de ribs t'inkin' wot a soft one I picked up.

"Well, de pup goes down t' de tree an' readys up an' w'en I hollers 'go,' we bot' starts. Afore we're gone t'irty foot I see dat it's a pipe fer me an' I says t' meself dat I'll just go out an' show him how good I kin trim him. De pup hears me comin' an' he sees it's all off wid him. Wot d' you s'pose dat guy done? I'm comin' down de hill forty mile an hour an' he slows up an' waits till der ain't no chanct fer me t' stop meself an' den jumps off'n his w'eel an' leaves it fall in front o' me.

"Oh, I didn't do nothin'! Me w'eel hits his an' you talk about dat guy out to de beach doin' de high dive! I had him cheated. I blow me w'eel an' I land wid me face first amongst a bunch o' ducks dat was swimmin' in a mud-puddle 'bout t'irty foot away. W'en I finally get de mud out o' me eyes an' mout' an' feel t' see whedder any o' me wings is missin' I rubber an' dere's de pup tearin' acrost de prairie near a half a mile away. I start after him de best way I kin wid me shoes full o' mud. I gain on him a bit, but I'm a trifle shy o' wind on account o' de fall I done an' I finally take out me cannon an' I holler t' de pup t' stop. He turns an' sees de gun, but he t'inks I'm kid-din' an' he keeps on goin'. I'm up purty close t' him be dis time an' I just leave wan go in de air wid de cannon.

"De pup jumps four foot in de air an' near falls down. He rubbers an' I point me gun at him. He trows bot' mitts in de air an' stops an' I go an' grab him. I hold him till I get me wind an' den I start at him. I close up bot' his eyes an', on de level, I give dat guy a scand'lous beatin'. Den I drag him back an' trow him in de mud-puddle w'ere I lit. He crawls out an' I trow him in again. Den I take a peek at de w'eels an' der ain't enough left o' mine t' rap to. I rubber at dem a minute an' den I walk over an' hand de pup a couple o' more wallops.

"Den I out wid me cannon an' I says to him: 'You see dat way dere? Well, dat's de way out o' town. Now, you start tearin' acrost dat prairie an' if you bat yer eye around I'll shoot wan o' yer ears off, see?' De pup, he starts acrost de prairie de best way he kin, fer he's blind an' lame an' everyt'ing else.

"It costs me t'ree bucks fer a guy's wagon t' take me an' de w'eels home an' I'll have t' hand de cleaner' about annoder deuce t' fix me cl'ose up. I didn't go back wid de w'eels, but I'm lookin' fer me fren' from de bicycle joint t' drop in every minute. I'll tell youse guys right now if I was on a jury tryin' a guy fer croakin' de pup I'd discharge him, no matter wot way de play came up. Der's wan t'ing dat's a pipe an' dat is dat dey'll have me over on de nort' side fer croakin' dat guy if he don't keep away from dis joint. Come on an' have annoder drink."

FOOT-BALL PLAYERS AS FIGHTERS.



“DE

GUY dat t'inks dem football players ain't dere good an' plenty in a mix-up on de square is nutty,” remarked the barkeep one evening, as he drew a couple of schooners and placed them on the bar before the copper on the beat and the seedy politician.

“W'y, cert'nly der dere,” agreed the politician, carefully blowing the foam from his beer, “wot give you de idea dey wasn't dere?”

“I dunno,” replied the barkeep, “but I allus had de idea in me nut dat dem long-haired guys wid de sweaters dat come in de joint hollerin' like a bunch o' Comanche Indians an' tellin' how dis guy breaks his leg an' dat guy loses a lamp doorin' de game dat just come off was a lot o' kinder daffy guys dat wouldn't last a minute if it come to a show-down w'ere dey had t' make a battle wid no holts barred wid some everyday husky guy dat was used t' mixin' it up off de reel an' was purty handy wid his mitts.

“Yes, dat's right. I t'ought 'bout all de most o' dem had was der gab, but dere's a guy in here de night before last dat showed me dat I was way off wrong. You remember dat guy dat uster hang round de joint—dat Muggins? Well, he don't do nothin' but blow in here a couple o' nights ago wid nottin' but de coin an' nottin'

t' do but spend it. He's been hop-skotchin' aroun' de country wid a circus all summer an' he's been everyw'eres from Kokomo to Oklahoma, t' hear him tell it. Well, he's in here chewin' de rag wid a few o' de gang w'en in comes a guy wid a nut dat looks like a head o' cabbage an' a sweater an' de reg'lar make-up on dat'd make you go bet yer life again a cigarette dat he's a football player.



"DE TWO O' DEM COMES
RUBBERIN'."

"Muggins is dere wid a few under his belt, just enough t' make him a bit gabby an' willin' t' butt in wid everybody dat comes along. Tain't more 'n a minute afore him an' Mr. Football Guy is mixed up togedder an' into an argument a mile long 'bout t'ings I never heard of afore, an' I don't t'ink Muggins did eider. Finally dey get to a stage w'ere Muggins claims dat he'd oughter be de

boss football player o' de bunch any time dey'd turn him lose 'n a lot w'ere dey was playin' a game, on account o' bein' naturally a purty husky guy an', accordin' to his own notions, dere wid de ability t' show purty near anybody de fifteen-ball in a go-as-you-please mix-up. De football player he's tellin' Muggins dat dey'd make him look like a yeller dog if dey'd ever get him into wan o'

dem mix-ups w'ree t'irty guys is all tryin' t' get der mitts on one ball.

"Well, you'll have to show me," says Muggins. "How's dat?" says Mr. Football Guy. "Well," says Muggins, "you're de guy dat's supposed t' stop any o' dem players dat gets loose o' de bunch wid de ball in der mitt, ain't you?" "Yes," says de football guy. "Well," says Muggins, "you stand over dere an' I'm supposed t' be comin' wid de ball. I'll bet de drinks fer de bunch you'll not stop me." "Dat's a bet," says de football guy, and he takes off his sweater an' Muggins takes off his coat an' vest.

"Muggins starts fer de football guy like he's in a joint w'ree he has t' battle his way t'roo t'irty guys t' get out. De football guy just grabs him an' de two o' dem goes t' de floor wid Mr. Cabbage-head on top. Muggins gets up kinder sore an' wants t' try it over.

"He goes at de guy again an' dis time de guy t'rows him down good and hard. De football guy ain't as husky as Muggins at dat, but he knowed how t' grab him er somet'in', fer he was handlin' him like he was a doll baby.

"Muggins gets up an' I see be de look in his lamp dat dere'll be a battle if he don't get by de football guy dis time. I give de football guy de office t' let him go, but he don't see me, I guess, fer him an' Muggins goes t' de floor again in a minute an' him dere wid de strangle holt.

"W'en de football guy t'inks he's showed Muggins dat he's stopped good an' plenty he lets loose of him. Muggins jumps up an' swings fer de guy's jaw, an' dey was in a battle on de square in about a second. Just den in drops a guy dat looks like he might own a brewery an' wid him is wan o' dem bum actors dat t'row de hot air into a guy 'bout wot dey uster be afore de ten-twenty-

t'irty shows was goin'. Just as dey get inside de door Muggins an' de football guy goes t' de floor in a clinch an' I jump in an' try t' split dem out.

"De actor an' de odder guy comes rubberin' t' see wot's de trouble. Finally I splits dem out fer a minute an' Muggins jumps up wid his eyes half-closed up an' his clo'se near tore off him. He gets a peek at de actor's hair from behind an' he t'inks he's de football player, an' he swings on him an' puts him out.

"De big brewery guy, dat come in wid de actor, he jumps in an' wants t' know wot he done it fer. Muggins soaks him in de nose an' he's four points down afore he knows w're he's at.

"Be dis time I got Mr. Football Guy stalled out o' de joint an' den I t'ought fer aw'le I'd have t' lick Muggins t' make him quit wantin' t' lick everybody in de place.

"But de football guy win de battle as fur as it went, fer he didn't have no marks on him an' Muggins was dere plenty wid his own beatin's. It took more jollyin' an' squarin' an' hot air t' fix de brewery guy an' de actor so's dey'd go way widout no hard feelin's den ever you see in yer life an' I b'lieve I fell fer somet'in' like four rounds o' drinks afore everyt'ing is all right.

"I tink I'll bar dat Muggins. He allus was a disturber anyhow. Dat's just my luck. I don't get rid o' de pup a week afore der's annoder guy dat's allus ribbin' up trouble comes round de joint."

THE BARKEEP TELLS OF A HOLD-UP.

“**SAY,**



WAS I tellin' youse guys 'bout de stick-up dat come off in here las' night?" asked the barkeep of the various members of the talent around the stove.

“Shtick-up? Who shtuck you up?” inquired the copper on the beat, who had just stepped in out of the cold, as the barkeep handed him the policeman's bottle.

“Somebody about stuck him up fer a drink,” remarked Muggins, who had been awakened out of a doze by the conversation.

“Dey was nobody stuck me up at all,” said the barkeep. “I done de stick-up work meself, aldough fer a time I t'ought sure it was a case o' t'ree guys t' de woods wid de damper.

“It's along somew'eres 'bout 12 o'clock an' der ain't anodder guy in de joint, dead er alive, but me. I'm settin' over agin de wall back o' de stove wonderin' wot's de matter dat de 'lection don't loosen t'ings up a bit an' I finally gets so snaky from de bum business dat I goes an' cops a drink o' booze an' den grabs a noos-paper t' pass de time away.

“De first t'ing I lamp to in de paper is w'ere dey's a mob o' stick-up guys breakin' into booze joints around town wid a cannon in each mitt an' stickin' up ev'ybody

in sight, an' cleanin' up de damper an' ev'ybody else an' takin' t' de woods wid de coin. I'm readin' w'ree dey t'runk a couple o' guys in de ice-box in wan joint afore dey blowed an' near froze dem t' deat' afore dey was took out.

"Dat's purty rough work," I says t' meself, an' den I t'inks t' meself wot'd I do if dat mob was t' break in here. I'm just startin, t' go back o' de bar an' plant de

coin dat's in de damper somew'eres an' get de cannon and put it in me kick w'en de door opens an' in comes t'ree guys dat was liable t' make a guy t'ink he was stuck up if he'd butt into dem in de middle o' de boulevard in broad daylight.

"Wan guy is certainly as rough a lookin' mark as a guy ever see in his life. He looks like he'd chop yer leg off if he t'ought you had a two-bit piece in yer kick an' he couldn't get it no odder way. Wan odder guy kind-

er creeps in an' rubbers round de joint like he's scared of his shadder an' de last guy o' de bunch, he just drills over an' backs up t' de stove an' rubbers at de fixtures.

"Well, w'en I gets me lamps on dat mob I says t' meself, 'It's all off now to a certainty,' an' I starts figurin' up how much coin I has in me kick an' how much dey is in de damper. De big rough-lookin' guy drills up t' de bar wid de scared-lookin' guy tailin' him up an' he



"CERT'NLY A ROUGH LOOKIN' MARK."

gives me de office wid his nut dat he wants somet'in'. Neider wan o' de t'ree o' dem cracks a word at all, but dey just lines up t'de bar an' I'm waitin' fer dem t' come out wid der cannons w'en de big guy points at de beer-faucet an' I draws dem t'ree out o' de keg.

"W'ile I'm puttin' dem up on de bar an' wonderin' wot's de matter wid de mob dat dey don't say nottin', I get a peek at de butt end of wan dat looks t' me like a forty-four stickin' out o' de big guy's outside kick.

"'Der ain't nottin' to it, now,' I says t' meself, 'dem guys is just takin' t'ings easy an' rubberin' t' see wot de joint looks like afore dey go t' work. Finally de little guy he drinks his beer an' goes back t' de stove an' de odder two stands at de bar coppin' deirs an' it looked t' me like dey was lampin' to de damper awful strong.

"Well, waitin' fer dem guys t' start in near has me nutty afore long, an' I cop a drink o' booze meself.

"Den I says t' meself, 'I wonder couldn't I beat dem guys to a flash wid a cannon an' take a chance dat dey'll back out o' de joint widout no trouble?'

"W'ile I'm t'inkin' 'bout dis de big guy goes down in his jeans an' digs up fifteen fer de t'ree beers an' den he puts wan mitt on de butt end o' dat cannon an' I t'inks t' meself here's w'ere dey do business.

"But he don't come out wid no cannon at all but just stands over be de stove an' rubbers round de joint an', on de square, I'm gettin' daffy sure be dis time. Finally de big guy turns his back an' drills down toward de back o' de joint.

"Now's yer chance,' I says t' meself, an' I goes in wan o' de drawers an' comes out wid dat gatlin' gun de boss fetches back wid him de las' time he was down to Texas. I see dat I'm dere wid me load in me gun an' den I t'row it at de big guy an' I backs into de corner be de

ice-box an' I says: 'If wan o' youse guys bats yer eye wrong t' me I'll blow de top o' yer nut off. Just t'row yer mitts in de air an' drill out de way you come in widout no dubbin' wid de cards er youse guys'll t'ink in a minute dat you've fell into de battle o' Bull's Run.'

"Dere ain't none o' de mob lookin' at me w'en I make me spiel an' dey don't pay no more 'tention t' me den if I was a wooden Indian.

"Finally de little guy be de stove turns an' gets a flash o' me cannon. He don't say a word, but he near tips de guy over dat was standin' wid him gettin' t'de door.

"De scared-lookin' guy he gets a peek at de gun an' he falls down t'ree times, makin' his get away an' breaks de leg off'n wan o' de chairs on de way out.

"De big guy he don't even round den, an' I don't know wot t' make of it. Finally I says, 'You better take t' de woods wid de rest o' yer mob er I'll cut loose at you widout givin' you no more chance.'

"Dat don't boddern him at all. I finally walks out o' de corner an' I goes up t' de guy wid me cannon in front o' me an' I says, grabbin' him be de shoulder: 'You just trow yer mitts in de air an' hand me dat cannon you got er I'll blow a hole t'roo you.'

"De guy turns w'en I grabs him an' gets a peek at de gun in me mitt an' he falls on his knees wid his teet' chatterin' like it was 40 below zero. 'Gimme dat gun,' I says, but he don't pay no 'tention t' me.

"'I'll just go get it meself,' says I, an' I reaches down in his kick an' comes out wid an old butt end of a cannon stuck into a big piece o' glass wid de picter o' wan o' dem wild west shows dat was here doorin' de World's Fair painted on de inside of it.

"I near drop me cannon w'en I see wot it is, an' den I picks de guy up an' fetches him over t' de bar an' draws

him a glass o' beer. Den I tell him how it is, but he puts his mitt on his mout' and tells me wid signs dat he wants t' write. I hands him a pencil an' a piece o' paper an' he writes on it: 'Lemme go; I ain't got nothin'. I'm deaf an' dumb an' I got a family t' keep.

"Wot d'ye t'ink o' dat? Me havin' near ten years scared off me life t'inkin' I'm gettin' stuck up be a mob o' deaf an' dumb guys! I ask de guy in de writin' wot de fake is he has in his kick an' he tells me it's wan o' dem t'ings dem lawyers an' odder guys has t' put on a bunch o' loose papers t' keep de wind from blowin' dem away.

"Just den back comes de odder two dummies wid de copper on de nex' beat an' I fell fer 'bout t'ree rounds squarin' everyt'ing up. I tell yer, der's nothin' to it. I got t' get out o' dis business er dey'll have me in Kankakee."

THE BARKEEP TELLS OF ELECTION NIGHT.



DAT? W'ere was I 'lection night?" asked the barkeep, in response to an inquiry from the copper on the beat. "W'ere d' you s'pose I was? Right here in de joint, o' course, an' at dat I'd about as soon been out in de bug-house. I never seen so many daffy guys in me life. Will you have a little drink?"

"Shure," replied the guardian of the peace. "Phwat d'yez t'ink av th' 'lection, annyhow?"

"T'ink about it? I wish't dere'd be wan every day, even if de coppers did slough us till 4 in de afternoon. I cer'tnly got de goods fer a'wile Toosday, but it'd put a guy on his way t' Kankakee seein' dat dey didn't run away wid de joint if dat bunch o' nutty guys dat was around de night o' de 'lection was t' break loose very often.

"Dem guys make a hit wid me, dem guys dat comes out o' deir holes on 'lection night wid a tin horn an' a \$2 note an' de idea in der nuts dat cause wan guy has trimmed annoder wan at de polls dat entitles dem t' cut loose an' make a rough house out o' every joint dey break into. Dey t'ink der entitled t' git away wid breaks dat'd put dem in de booby-hatch afore dey had went t'ree minutes any odder night, an' dey go long an' let loose o' more

noise, leavin' go o' dat \$2 note den dey'd be entitled to if dey was spendin' a century w'en t'ings is goin' 'long de same as dey always is.

"Dem college guys was de ones dat had me bug-house. Dey kept comin' in de joint paradin' in a line wid every wan o' dem dere wid a tin horn two foot long an' a set o' pipes dat'd make any o' dem auctioneers ever I see t'ink he never did know how t' leave loose of a good

healt'y roar, an' a few more fakes in deir mitt in case deir wind give out an' deir pipes froze up dey'd still be dere wid plenty o' de racket.

"Well, dem college guy's 'd line up agin de bar an' every wan cut loose at you de best he knowed how wid his horn, an' den dey'd all get into a bunch togedder and leave go of a roar like dey was a bunch o' Comanche Indians do-



"HE TURNS WID HIS HORN AN'
LEAVES HER GO."

in' a war dance, an' a guy never could find out wot dey wanted t' drink. I couldn't make no head er tail er get it troo me nut no way w'ich guy dat was 'lected dat dey was hollerin' fer an' all I kin ketch is de finish. 'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah!' like dat. A guy dat was in here finally tells me dat deir hollerin' fer de football players dat b'longed t' de college w'ere dey was at, an' he says dat it's all even wid dem who win de 'lection. I s'pose dey'd be hollerin'

fer de football guys just de same if de prohibition guy had 'a' win out.

"But dere was wan t'ing come off in here doorin' de ev'nin' dat I never had oughter done. I hit wan little guy dat weighed four pounds lighter den a bladder a bat side o' de head dat like to loosen his block off'n his shoulders altogedder. Not dat it wasn't comin' t' him at dat, but he's such a little guy dat I'm sore at meself de minute I done it. If he'd been a big guy de chances are a split-out'd 'a' been all dat'd stopped a murder.

"Y'see it's long in de mornin' some time an' de joint is full o' crazy politicians an' guys dat t'ink dey ain't in line widout dey get deir package aboard every 'lection night. Well, t'ree guys dat's settin' over to a table ag'in de wall gives me de office dat dey want t'ree beers, an' on 'count o' de hobo, who's hustlin' beer fer me dat night wid a white apron dat'd fit a freight car tied round him, bein' busy in some odder part o' de joint I just draw de t'ree beers an' start acrost de joint wid dem meself. Like a sucker, I has t' get swell an' put dem on a tray. If I'd 'a' kep' dem in me mitt I'd 'a' been all right.

"W'en I start out from behind de bar wid de t'ree beers, de side door opens an' in comes a bunch o' dem long-haired college guys I was tellin' you 'bout. Wan little guy is dere wid a horn dat'd make a section o' sewer pipe look like a pea-shooter an' w'en de mob passes me dis little guy he turns wid his horn an' leaves her go wid de head end of it 'bout t'ree inches away from me ear. It was 'bout de same as a guy turnin' loose wan o' dem whistles on dem lake boats along side of a guy's nut, and I must 'a' jumped t'ree foot in de air. I kep' me mitts on de tray, but de beer an' de glasses was all over de joint. Well, afore I know wot I'm doin' I slam dat little guy long side de ear wid de bottom o' de tray an' he lands

head-first in 'mongst a bunch o' guys dat's drinkin' at de bar. I'm sore de minute after I done it an' I t'ink sure I'll have to go de route den an' make a battle wid his mob, but all dey done was t' pick de little guy up, give him a couple o' hot-backs, an' tell me I give him wot was naturally comin' t' him on 'count o' him bein' disorderly all night. Dem college guys ain't no bad fellers at dat, only dey all got dat one idea in deir nut dat deir entitled t' make all de noise is bein' made anyw'eres dey go an' dat any time dey don't deir blowin' part o' der reputation.

"Yes, dat's right, dem 'lection nights is all right fer de cash register, but der purty tough fer de guy dat's dealin' de booze."

THE BARKEEP WINS A BICYCLE.



Y'HEAR 'bout me winnin' de bicycle over to de raffle?" asked the barkeep of Muggins and the copper on the beat.

"Wot's dat? W're's it at?"

"Down in de cellar. Youse guys must t'ink I'm kiddin'. Wait a minute an' I'll drag it up an' let you get a peek at it," and the barkeep locked the register, put the key in his pocket and hastened down the basement

stairs. He reappeared in a moment carrying a bicycle, which he carefully stood against the wall.

"I guess dat's a bad one, huh? 'Tain't hardly fit for a guy t' git aboard of, is it? I s'pose fifteen er twenty case of anybody's coin'd buy a ringer fer it—nit! Lamp to it good an' tell me wot y' t'ink about it on de square."

"As fur as Oi kin see it's th' same as anny other wan," said the copper on the beat, as he critically surveyed the wheel. "All them bi-cycles looks th' same t' me, annyhow."

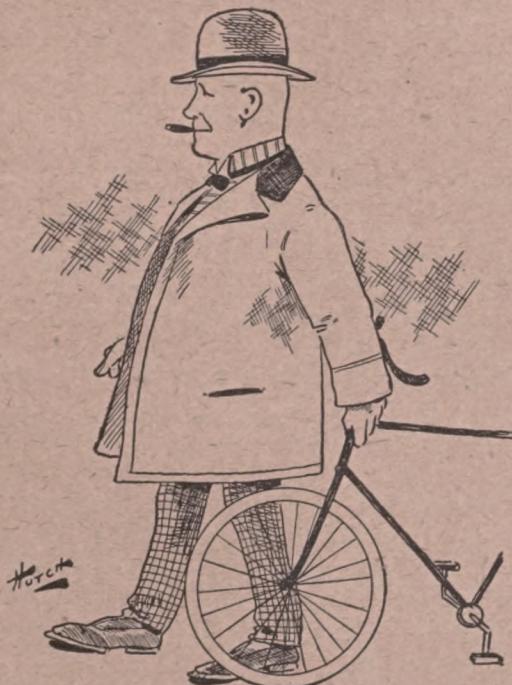
"Cert'nly," replied the barkeep sarcastically, "you ain't no judge o' nottin', nohow, barrin', mebbe, de corn beef and cabbage.

"De most o' youse turks dat's around wid a star an' a club oughter be dere by rights wid a pick an' a shovel.

Aw, dat's all right, old pal. Have a little drink. Don't pay no 'tention t' me, I'm only kiddin'," and the barkeep gave the copper a couple o' "hot-backs," drew a schoonerful out of the keg for Muggins and reached for the policeman's bottle.

"Well, on 'count o' youse guys not knowin' nothin' about a w'eel," resumed the barkeep, "I'll have to put you Joseph to w'ere dis wan gets off at. Dat dere w'eel is as

swell a one as ever come down de boulevard, an' dat ain't no stem-story, nor no bull con neider. A guy couldn't drag dat one out of a joint w'ere dey sell dem widout slippin' de gazabo dat owned de joint a century note. Youse guys may t'ink I'm handin' you a few out o' de dream book, but if you t'ink it ain't on de square you kin win a little silver from de champion booze-dealer o' de neighborhood."



"I DRILL OUT O' DE JOINT
WID IT."

"Well," remarked Muggins, "on account o' not knowin' nothin' diff'rent we'll take yer word fer it 'bout de bicycle, but you ain't told us nothin' 'bout de raffle yet. W'ere was it at?"

"Out on de wes' side," replied the barkeep. "Out to a joint w'ere I never fell into afore in me life. Y'see, 'bout a week ago der's a little guy comes in de joint dat I kinder

half knowed from t'ree er four years ago. He goes along leavin' go of his silver party fast an' we bot' has a package aboard afore de ev'nin' is over.

"He don't gimme no chance t' buy a drink at all an' he finally tells me dat he's rafflin' off a bicycle in a couple o' nights over on de west side. He's dere wid a bunch o' dem ducats w're a guy takes a chance an' wotever number he drags out he settles dat much silver. Well, he wants me t' go again it an' he swears be all dat's on de level dat de w'eel he's got is a swell an' de raffle's on de square. I'm uster goin' after de most o' dem guys dat starts t' hand me de bull t' buy a raffle ticket wid de seltzer bottle, but dis guy has went along wid his change so bully dat der ain't no chance fer me t' git away an' I drag wan out an' it ain't nottin' only number six. Dat kinder makes me 'shamed an' I go in after annoder an' come out wid de hundred an' t'irty-eight. I have a touch o' de scrabbled heart w'en I lamp to de number, but I settle an' cop de ducats, t'inkin' dat all der is to it is dat I'm a single 'n a half in de air.

"Well, las' night I take a lay-off on 'count o' wantin' t' drop over an' see a guy dat lives over on de west side an' don't be home no time only ev'nin's. On me way over I happen t' t'ink dat dat was de night de raffle was t' come off an' de joint w're dey was havin' it ain't fur from dis guy's house w're I'm goin'.

"Well, I drops into de joint an' dey was just startin' t' shake it off. I grab de box an' t'row t'irty-wan into de bowl fer de six number.

"Dat wouldn't win nobody nottin' now'eres an' I stick around an' leave go of a half a case er so w'ile I'm waitin' fer dem t' git to de hundred an' t'irty-eight number.

"De nex' time I grab de box I don't do nottin' only toss

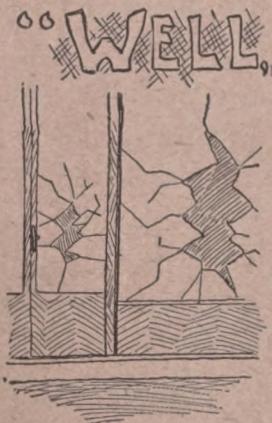
out forty-eight fer meself an' dat puts me two lengt's in de lead of de high guy an' only twelve numbers t' go.

"Wan guy want's t' hand me t'irty bucks fer me shake, but I stand pat an' finally drill out o' de joint wid de w'eel, aldough I b'lieve at dat dey might 'a' tried t' job me if it wasn't me fren' was runnin' de raffle.

"Well, I ride her over t' dis guy's house w'ere I'm goin' an' w'en I come t' blow him an' all his folks is in de windy rubberin' at me start, on 'count o' wan little guy dat was in de bunch dat knowed me from downtown tryin' to kid me dat I can't ride. He's wan o' dem guys dat's 'a scared t' give away a pleasant smile an' don't t'ink no more of a 10-cent piece den he does of his right eye. All he'll leave go his silver fer is wan o' dem flowers dat looks like a head o' cabbage an' he's dere wid one o' dem any time de're around.

"Well, I start off all right an' I ride her up an' down a few times t' show dem I'm dere an' den I finally take me mitt offen de handle-bar t' bid dem good-by. Dat's de biggest sucker play ever I made in me life—dat takin' me mitt offen de handle. Me w'eel gets away from me an' de first t'ing I know I'm landed up agin a hydrant an' me w'eel is in de ditch. Y'could hear dem dat was in de windy holler t'ree blocks an' de little guy he was roarin' worse'n anybody. I wouldn't 'a' done dat fall fer de nicest ten-case note ever you see an' I get sore an' grab me w'eel an' see she ain't broke now'eres an' jump on her an' tear fer down-town. If dat little guy drops in dis joint it'll be me wid de seltzer bottle an' him t' de woods. Well, I'm goin' t' plant me w'eel now fer de winter an' you kin gamble dat nex' summer I won't be slippin' dat guy over on de avenoo no silver every day w'en I want t' go ridin'. Muggins, don't you ferget w'ich side o' de bar you b'long on w'ile I'm puttin' me w'eel in de cellar."

THE END OF “THE JOINT.”



“WOT d’you t’ink o’ dat? Dere’s de best I ever got in me life! Say, tell me somet’in’. Wot time did de joint ketch fire?” asked the barkeep on this particularly chilly fall morning as he and the seedy politician and the hobo and the copper on the beat stood at the edge of the sidewalk with their hands thrust deep into their pockets and their gaze directed sadly at the demolished plate glass windows and a scene of wreck and ruin within the “joint.”

“She musht ‘a ketched along about foor o’clock,” replied the copper on the beat to the barkeep’s question, “Oi was up in th’ nixt block phin Oi seen th’ shmoke an’ sint in th’ alarum. Dthin Oi run down an’ seen it was th’ joint.”

“Well, if dere ain’t de best I ever got in me life!” repeated the barkeep as he approached the front of the place and peeked in through a broken window. “De joint cert’nly is on de bum now, ain’t she? ’Bout wan o’clock dis mornin’ I’m settin’ in dere back o’ de bar wid a swell rope in me face an’ tinkin’ ‘bout how I’m all fixed up fer de winter wid a job fer meself an’ ev’ting an’ framin’ up how I’m goin’ t’ start right off an’ get me a front dat’ll make some o’ dem swell beer-jerkers look like lobsters, an’ here dey

drag me out o' bed at seven o'clock in de mornin' an' show me dis fer a finish. Dat's de best I ever got in me life!"

"Wot time did you close her up?" ventured the seedy politician.

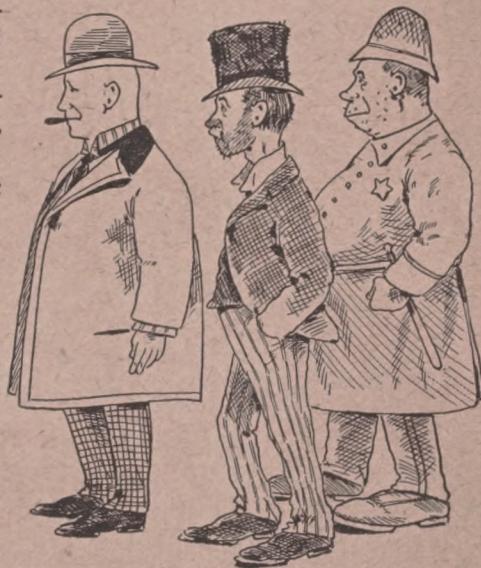
"Dere's annoder t'ing dat shows wot kind o' luck a guy's playin' in," replied the barkeep, as he searched his clothes for a cigar, "I been stickin' all night every night dis week an' takin' a chance dat a live one 'll drop in an' las' night business is so much on de bum 'long 'bout two o'clock dat I get sore and slough her up an' go on home. An' o' course dat's de night de fire 'd have t' break out. Say," said the barkeep suddenly, turning to the copper on the beat, "you didn't get a peek at nobody makin' a get away 'round here after de joint ketched fire, did you?"

"No, Oi did not," responded the guardian of the peace.

"Why?" asked the hobo and the seedy politician.

"Oh, nuttin'," said the barkeep, "only I kinder had an idea in me nut dat it might 'a been de pup come back an' set fire t' de joint t' git square fer de beatin' I give him de time he trun me offen me w'eel. But if it was him I'll be put Joseph to it. He's purty gabby an' it's a pipe he'll tip himself off afore long."

"Wot d' you s'pose de boss 'll do—quit de booze busi-



"WE'LL SWING OVER T' DE DUTCHMAN'S."

ness?" asked the seedy politician, with something that sounded like a sigh.

"Not on yer life," replied the barkeep, "he's dere wid de goods an' he'd be nutty if he didn't have a joint goin' w'ere he was dealin' out de booze. We'll be doin' business again afore de winter's over."

"Well," concluded the barkeep, as he cast one lingering gaze at the dilapidated front of the place, "der ain't nothin' fer us t' do now, I guess, but swing over t' de Dutchman's an' get a drink. Come on."

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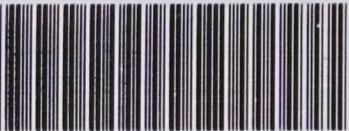
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